

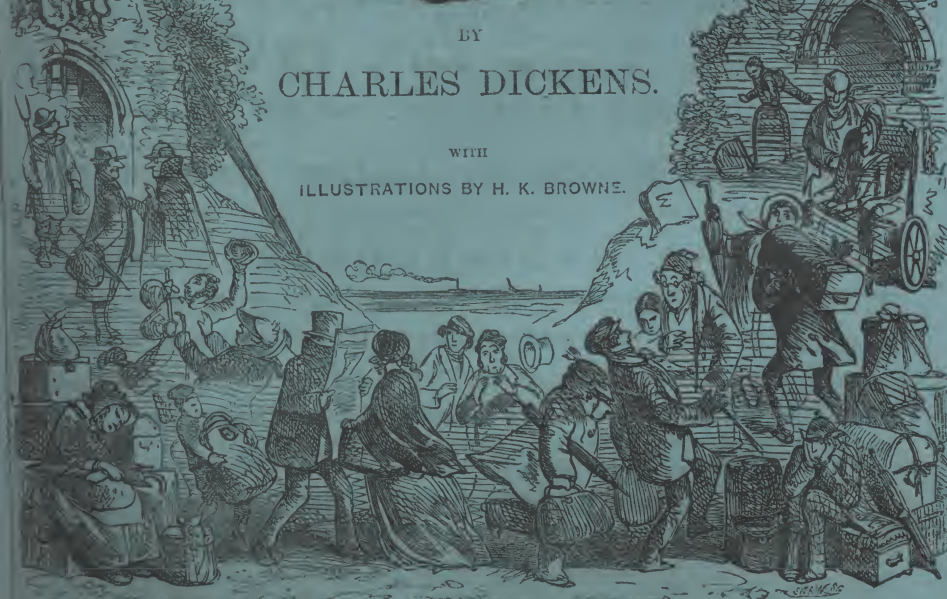


BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

WITH

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. K. BROWNE.



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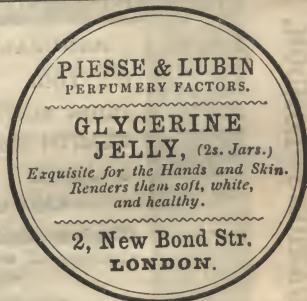
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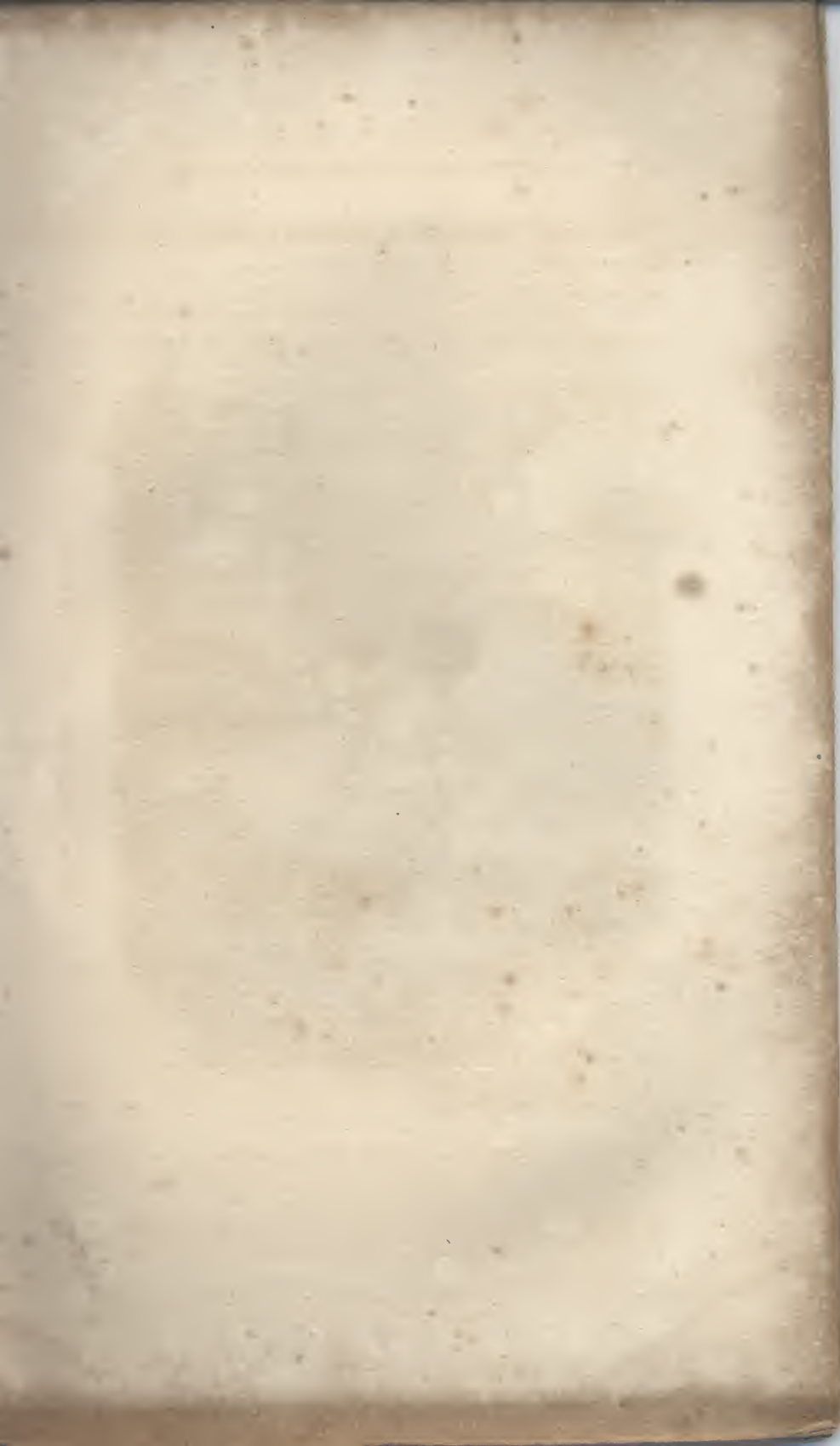
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## CHAPTER VIII.

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WHILE the waters of Venice and the ruins of Rome were sunning themselves for the pleasure of the Dorrit family, and were daily being sketched out of all earthly proportion, lineament, and likeness, by travelling pencils innumerable, the firm of Doyce and Clennam hammered away in Bleeding Heart Yard, and the vigorous clink of iron upon iron was heard there through the working hours.

The younger partner had, by this time, brought the business into sound trim; and the elder, left free to follow his own ingenious devices, had done much to enhance the character of the factory. As an ingenious man, he had necessarily to encounter every discouragement that the ruling powers for a length of time had been able by any means to put in the way of his class of culprits; but that was only reasonable self-defence in the powers, since How to do it must obviously be regarded as the natural and mortal enemy of How not to do it. In this was to be found the basis of the wise system, by tooth and nail upheld by the Circumlocution Office, of warning every ingenious British subject to be ingenious at his peril: of harassing him, obstructing him, inviting robbers (by making his remedy uncertain, difficult, and expensive) to plunder him, and at the best of confiscating his property after a short term of enjoyment, as though invention were on a par with felony. The system had uniformly found great favor with the Barnacles, and that was only reasonable, too; for one who worthily invents must be in earnest, and the Barnacles abhorred and dreaded nothing half so much. That again was very reasonable; since in a country suffering under the affliction of a great amount of earnestness, there might, in an exceedingly short space of time, be not a single Barnacle left sticking to a post.

Daniel Doyce faced his condition with its pains and penalties attached to it, and soberly worked on for the work's sake. Clennam, cheering him with a hearty co-operation, was a moral support to him, besides doing good service in his business relation. The concern prospered, and the partners were fast friends.

But Daniel could not forget the old design of so many years. It was not in reason to be expected that he should; if he could have lightly forgotten it, he could never have conceived it, or had the patience and perseverance to work it out. So Clennam thought, when he sometimes observed him of an evening looking over the models and drawings, and consoling himself by muttering with a sigh as he put them away again, that the thing was as true as it ever was.

To show no sympathy with so much endeavour, and so much disappointment, would have been to fail in what Clennam regarded as among the implied obligations of his partnership. A revival of the passing interest in the subject which had been by chance awakened at the door

of the Circumlocution Office, originated in this feeling. He asked his partner to explain the invention to him; "having a lenient consideration," he stipulated, "for my being no workman, Doyce."

"No workman?" said Doyce. "You would have been a thorough workman if you had given yourself to it. You have as good a head for understanding such things as I have met with."

"A totally uneducated one, I am sorry to add," said Clennam.

"I don't know that," returned Doyce, "and I wouldn't have you say that. No man of sense who has been generally improved, and has improved himself, can be called quite uneducated as to anything. I don't particularly favor mysteries. I would as soon, on a fair and clear explanation, be judged by one class of man as another, provided he had the qualification I have named."

"At all events," said Clennam—"this sounds as if we were exchanging compliments, but we know we are not—I shall have the advantage of as plain an explanation as can be given."

"Well!" said Daniel, in his steady, even way, "I'll try to make it so."

He had the power, often to be found in union with such a character, of explaining what he himself perceived, and meant, with the direct force and distinctness with which it struck his own mind. His manner of demonstration was so orderly and neat and simple, that it was not easy to mistake him. There was something almost ludicrous in the complete irreconcilability of a vague conventional notion that he must be a visionary man, with the precise, sagacious travelling of his eye and thumb over the plans, their patient stoppages at particular points, their careful returns to other points whence little channels of explanation had to be traced up, and his steady manner of making everything good and everything sound, at each important stage, before taking his hearer on a line's-breadth further. His dismissal of himself from his description, was hardly less remarkable. He never said, I discovered this adaptation or invented that combination; but showed the whole thing as if the Divine artificer had made it, and he had happened to find it. So modest he was about it, such a pleasant touch of respect was mingled with his quiet admiration of it, and so calmly convinced he was that it was established on irrefragable laws.

Not only that evening, but for several succeeding evenings, Clennam was quite charmed by this investigation. The more he pursued it, and the oftener he glanced at the grey head bending over it, and the shrewd eye kindling with pleasure in it and love of it—instrument for probing his heart though it had been made for twelve long years—the less he could reconcile it to his younger energy to let it go without one effort more. At length he said:

"Doyce, it came to this at last—that the business was to be sunk with Heaven knows how many more wrecks, or begun all over again?"

"Yes," returned Doyce, "that's what the noblemen and gentlemen made of it after a dozen years."

"And pretty fellows too!" said Clennam, bitterly.

"The usual thing!" observed Doyce. "I must not make a martyr of myself, when I am one of so large a company."

"Relinquish it, or begin it all over again?" mused Clennam.

"That was exactly the long and the short of it," said Doyce.

"Then, my friend," cried Clennam, starting up, and taking his work-roughened hand, "it shall be begun all over again!"

Doyce looked alarmed, and replied, in a hurry—for him, "No, no. Better put it by. Far better put it by. It will be heard of, one day. I can put it by. You forget, my good Clennam; I *have* put it by. It's all at an end."

"Yes, Doyce," returned Clennam, "at an end as far as your efforts and rebuffs are concerned, I admit, but not as far as mine are. I am younger than you; I have only once set foot in that precious office, and I am fresh game for them. Come! I'll try them. You shall do exactly as you have been doing since we have been together. I will add (as I easily can) to what I have been doing, the attempt to get public justice done to you; and, unless I have some success to report, you shall hear no more of it."

Daniel Doyce was still reluctant to consent, and again and again urged that they had better put it by. But it was natural that he should gradually allow himself to be over-persuaded by Clennam, and should yield. Yield he did. So Arthur resumed the long and hopeless labor of striving to make way with the Circumlocution Office.

The waiting-rooms of that Department soon began to be familiar with his presence, and he was generally ushered into them by its janitors much as a pickpocket might be shown into a police-office; the principal difference being that the object of the latter class of public business is to keep the pickpocket, while the Circumlocution object was to get rid of Clennam. However, he was resolved to stick to the great Department; and so the work of form-filling, corresponding, minuting, memorandum-making, signing, counter-signing, counter-counter-signing, referring backwards and forwards, and referring sideways, crosswise, and zig-zag, recommenced.

Here arises a feature of the Circumlocution Office, not previously mentioned in the present record. When that admirable Department got into trouble, and was, by some infuriated member of Parliament, whom the smaller Barnacles almost suspected of laboring under diabolic possession, attacked, on the merits of no individual case, but as an Institution wholly abominable and Bedlamite; then the noble or right honorable Barnacle who represented it in the House, would smite that member and cleave him asunder, with a statement of the quantity of business (for the prevention of business) done by the Circumlocution office. Then would that noble or right honorable Barnacle hold in his hand a paper containing a few figures, to which, with the permission of the House, he would entreat its attention. Then would the inferior Barnacles exclaim, obeying orders, "Hear, Hear, Hear!" and "Read!" Then would the noble or right honorable Barnacle perceive, sir, from this little document, which he thought might carry conviction even to the perversest mind (Derisive laughter and cheering from the Barnacle fry), that within the short compass of the last financial half-year, this much-maligned Department (Cheers) had written and received fifteen thousand letters (Loud cheers), twenty-four thousand

minutes (Louder cheers), and thirty-two thousand five hundred and seventeen memoranda (Vehement cheering). Nay, an ingenious gentleman connected with the Department, and himself a valuable public servant, had done him the favor to make a curious calculation of the amount of stationery consumed in it during the same period. It formed a part of this same short document; and he derived from it the remarkable fact, that the sheets of foolscap paper it had devoted to the public service would pave the footways on both sides of Oxford Street from end to end, and leave nearly a quarter of a mile to spare for the park (Immense cheering and laughter); while of tape—red tape—it had used enough to stretch, in graceful festoons, from Hyde Park Corner to the General Post-Office. Then, amidst a burst of official exultation, would the noble or right honorable Barnacle sit down, leaving the mutilated fragments of the Member on the field. No one, after that exemplary demolition of him, would have the hardihood to hint that the more the Circumlocution Office did, the less was done, and that the greatest blessing it could confer on an unhappy public would be to do nothing.

With sufficient occupation on his hands, now that he had this additional task—such a task had many and many a serviceable man died of before his day—Arthur Clennam led a life of slight variety. Regular visits to his mother's dull sick room, and visits scarcely less regular to Mr. Meagles at Twickenham, were its only changes during many months.

He sadly and sorely missed Little Dorrit. He had been prepared to miss her very much, but not so much. He knew to the full extent only through experience, what a large place in his life was left blank when her familiar little figure went out of it. He felt, too, that he must relinquish the hope of its return, understanding the family character sufficiently well to be assured that he and she were divided by a broad ground of separation. The old interest he had had in her, and her old trusting reliance on him, were tinged with melancholy in his mind: so soon had change stolen over them, and so soon had they glided into the past with other secret tendernesses.

When he received her letter he was greatly moved, but did not the less sensibly feel that she was far divided from him by more than distance. It helped him to a clearer and keener perception of the place assigned him by the family. He saw that he was cherished in her grateful remembrance secretly, and that they resented him with the jail and the rest of its belongings.

Through all these meditations which every day of his life crowded about her, he thought of her otherwise in the old way. She was his innocent friend, his delicate child, his dear Little Dorrit. This very change of circumstances fitted curiously in with the habit, begun on the night when the roses floated away, of considering himself as a much older man than his years really made him. He regarded her from a point of view which in its remoteness, tender as it was, he little thought would have been unspeakable agony to her. He speculated about her future destiny, and about the husband she might have, with an affection for her which would have drained her heart of its dearest drop of hope, and broken it.

Everything about him tended to confirm him in the custom of looking on himself as an elderly man, from whom such aspirations as he had combated in the case of Minnie Gowan (though that was not so long ago either, reckoning by months and seasons), were finally departed. His relations with her father and mother were like those on which a widower son-in-law might have stood. If the twin sister, who was dead, had lived to pass away in the bloom of womanhood, and he had been her husband, the nature of his intercourse with Mr. and Mrs. Meagles would probably have been just what it was. This imperceptibly helped to render habitual the impression within him, that he had done with, and dismissed, that part of life.

He invariably heard of Minnie from them, as telling them in her letters how happy she was, and how she loved her husband; but inseparable from that subject, he invariably saw the old cloud on Mr. Meagles's face. Mr. Meagles had never been quite so radiant since the marriage as before. He had never quite recovered the separation from Pet. He was the same good-humored, open creature; but as if his face, from being much turned towards the pictures of his two children which could show him only one look, unconsciously adopted a characteristic from them, it always had now, through all its changes of expression, a look of loss in it.

One wintry Saturday when Clennam was at the cottage, the Dowager Mrs. Gowan drove up, in the Hampton Court equipage which pretended to be the exclusive equipage of so many individual proprietors. She descended, in her shady ambuscade of green fan, to favor Mr. and Mrs. Meagles with a call.

"And how do you both do, Papa and Mama Meagles?" said she, encouraging her humble connexions. "And when did you last hear from or about my poor fellow?"

My poor fellow was her son; and this mode of speaking of him politely kept alive, without any offence in the world, the pretence that he had fallen a victim to the Meagles wiles.

"And the dear pretty one," said Mrs. Gowan. "Have you later news of her than I have?"

Which also delicately implied that her son had been captured by mere beauty, and under its fascination had foregone all sorts of worldly advantages.

"I am sure," said Mrs. Gowan, without straining her attention on the answers she received, "it's an unspeakable comfort to know they continue happy. My poor fellow is of such a restless disposition, and has been so used to roving about, and to being inconstant and popular among all manner of people, that it's the greatest comfort in life. I suppose they're as poor as mice, Papa Meagles?"

Mr. Meagles, fidgetty under the question, replied, "I hope not, ma'am. I hope they will manage their little income."

"Oh! my dearest Meagles!" returned that lady, tapping him on the arm with the green fan and then adroitly interposing it between a yawn and the company, "how can you, as a man of the world and one of the most business-like of human beings—for you know you are business-like, and a great deal too much for us who are not——"

(Which went to the former purpose, by making Mr. Meagles out to be an artful schemer.)

"—How can you talk about their managing their little means? My poor dear fellow! The idea of his managing hundreds! And the sweet pretty creature too. The notion of her managing! Papa Meagles! Don't!"

"Well, ma'am," said Mr. Meagles, gravely, "I am sorry to admit, then, that Henry certainly does anticipate his means."

"My dear good man—I use no ceremony with you, because we are a kind of relations;—positively, Mama Meagles," exclaimed Mrs. Gowan cheerfully, as if the absurd coincidence then flashed upon her for the first time "a kind of relations! My dear good man, in this world none of us can have *everything* our own way."

This again went to the former point, and showed Mr. Meagles with all good breeding that, so far, he had been brilliantly successful in his deep designs. Mrs. Gowan thought the hit so good a one that she dwelt upon it; repeating "Not *everything*. No, no; in this world we must not expect *everything*, Papa Meagles."

"And may I ask, ma'am," retorted Mr. Meagles, a little heightened in color, "who does expect *everything*?"

"Oh, nobody, nobody!" said Mrs. Gowan. "I was going to say—but you put me out. You interrupting Papa, what was I going to say!"

Drooping her large green fan, she looked musingly at Mr. Meagles while she thought about it; a performance not tending to the cooling of that gentleman's rather heated spirits.

"Ah! Yes, to be sure!" said Mrs. Gowan. "You must remember that my poor fellow has always been accustomed to expectations. They may have been realised, or they may not have been realised——"

"Let us say, then, may not have been realised," observed Mr. Meagles.

The Dowager for a moment gave him an angry look; but tossed it off with her head and her fan, and pursued the tenor of her way in her former manner.

"It makes no difference. My poor fellow has been accustomed to that sort of thing, and of course you knew it, and were prepared for the consequences. I myself always clearly foresaw the consequences, and am not surprised. And you must not be surprised. In fact, can't be surprised. Must have been prepared for it."

Mr. Meagles looked at his wife, and at Clennam; bit his lip; and coughed.

"And now here's my poor fellow," Mrs. Gowan pursued, "receiving notice that he is to hold himself in expectation of a baby, and all the expenses attendant on such an addition to his family! Poor Henry! But it can't be helped now: it's too late to help it now. Only don't talk of anticipating means, Papa Meagles, as a discovery; because that would be too much."

"Too much, ma'am?" said Mr. Meagles, as seeking an explanation.

"There, there!" said Mrs. Gowan, putting him in his inferior place with an expressive action of her hand. "Too much for my poor

fellow's mother to bear at this time of day. They are fast married, and can't be unmarried. There, there! I know that! You needn't tell me that, Papa Meagles. I know it very well. What was it I said just now? That it was a great comfort they continued happy. It is to be hoped they will still continue happy. It is to be hoped Pretty One will do everything she can to make my poor fellow happy, and keep him contented. Papa and Mama Meagles, we had better say no more about it. We never did look at *this subject* from the same side, and we never shall. There, there! Now I am good."

Truly, having by this time said everything she could say in maintenance of her wonderfully mythical position, and in admonition to Mr. Meagles that he must not expect to bear his honors of alliance too cheaply, Mrs. Gowan was disposed to forego the rest. If Mr. Meagles had submitted to a glance of entreaty from Mrs. Meagles, and an expressive gesture from Clennam, he would have left her in the undisturbed enjoyment of this state of mind. But Pet was the darling and pride of his heart; and if he could ever have championed her more devotedly, or loved her better, than in the days when she was the sunlight of his house, it would have been now, when, in its daily grace and delight, she was lost to it.

"Mrs. Gowan, ma'am," said Mr. Meagles, "I have been a plain man all my life. If I was to try—no matter whether on myself, or somebody else, or both—any genteel mystifications, I should probably not succeed in them."

"Papa Meagles," returned the Dowager, with an affable smile, but with the bloom on her cheeks standing out a little more vividly than usual, as the neighbouring surface became paler, "probably not."

"Therefore, my good madam," said Mr. Meagles, at great pains to restrain himself, "I hope I may, without offence, ask to have no such mystifications played off upon me."

"Mama Meagles," observed Mrs. Gowan, "your good man is incomprehensible."

Her turning to that worthy lady was an artifice to bring her into the discussion, quarrel with her, and vanquish her. Mr. Meagles interposed to prevent that consummation.

"Mother," said he, "you are inexpert, my dear, and it is not a fair match. Let me beg of you to remain quiet. Come, Mrs. Gowan, come! Let us try to be sensible; let us try to be good-natured; let us try to be fair. Don't you pity Henry, and I won't pity Pet. And don't be one-sided, my dear madam; it's not considerate, it's not kind. Don't let us say that we hope Pet will make Henry happy, or even that we hope Henry will make Pet happy;" (Mr. Meagles himself did not look happy as he spoke the words) "but let us hope they will make each other happy."

"Yes sure, and there leave it, father," said Mrs. Meagles the kind-hearted and comfortable.

"Why mother, no," returned Mr. Meagles, "not exactly there. I can't quite leave it there; I must say just half-a-dozen words more. Mrs. Gowan, I hope I am not over sensitive. I believe I don't look it."

"Indeed you do not," said Mrs. Gowan, shaking her head and the great green fan together, for emphasis.

"Thank you, ma'am; that's well. Notwithstanding which, I feel a little—I don't want to use a strong word—now shall I say hurt?" asked Mr. Meagles at once with frankness and moderation, and with a conciliatory appeal in his tone.

"Say what you like," answered Mrs. Gowan. "It is perfectly indifferent to me."

"No, no, don't say that," urged Mr. Meagles, "because that's not responding amiably. I feel a little hurt, when I hear references made to consequences having been foreseen, and to its being too late now, and so forth."

"Do you, Papa Meagles?" said Mrs. Gowan. "I am not surprised."

"Well, ma'am," reasoned Mr. Meagles, "I was in hopes you would have been at least surprised, because to hurt me wilfully on so tender a subject is surely not generous."

"I am not responsible," said Mrs. Gowan, "for your conscience, you know."

Poor Mr. Meagles looked aghast with astonishment.

"If I am unluckily obliged to carry a cap about with me which is yours and fits you," pursued Mrs. Gowan, "don't blame *me* for its pattern, Papa Meagles, I beg!"

"Why, good Lord, ma'am!" Mr. Meagles broke out, "that's as much as to state——"

"Now, Papa Meagles, Papa Meagles," said Mrs. Gowan, who became extremely deliberate and prepossessing in manner whenever that gentleman became at all warm, "perhaps, to prevent confusion, I had better speak for myself than trouble your kindness to speak for me. It's as much as to state, you begin. If you please, I will finish the sentence. It is as much as to state—not that I wish to press it, or even recall it, for it is of no use now, and my only wish is to make the best of existing circumstances—that from the first to the last I always objected to this match of yours, and at a very late period yielded a most unwilling consent to it."

"Mother!" cried Mr. Meagles. "Do you hear this! Arthur! Do you hear this!"

"The room being of a convenient size," said Mrs. Gowan, looking about as she fanned herself, "and quite charmingly adapted in all respects to conversation, I should imagine that I am audible in any part of it."

Some moments passed in silence, before Mr. Meagles could hold himself in his chair with sufficient security to prevent his breaking out of it at the next word he spoke. At last he said: "Ma'am, I am very unwilling to revive them, but I must remind you what my opinions and my course were, all along, on that unfortunate subject."

"O, my dear sir!" said Mrs. Gowan, smiling and shaking her head with accusatory intelligence, "they were well understood by me, I assure you."

"I never, ma'am," said Mr. Meagles, "knew unhappiness before

that time, I never knew anxiety before that time. It was a time of such distress to me, that——” That Mr. Meagles really could say no more about it, in short, but passed his handkerchief before his face.

“I understood the whole affair,” said Mrs. Gowan, composedly looking over her fan. “As you have appealed to Mr. Clennam, I may appeal to Mr. Clennam, too. He knows whether I did or not.”

“I am very unwilling,” said Clennam, looked to by all parties, “to take any share in this discussion, more especially because I wish to preserve the best understanding and the clearest relations with Mr. Henry Gowan. I have very strong reasons indeed, for entertaining that wish. Mrs. Gowan attributed certain views of furthering the marriage to my friend here, in conversation with me before it took place; and I endeavoured to undeceive her. I represented that I knew him (as I did and do), to be strenuously opposed to it, both in opinion and action.”

“You see?” said Mrs. Gowan, turning the palms of her hands towards Mr. Meagles, as if she were Justice herself, representing to him that he had better confess, for he had not a leg to stand on. “You see? Very good! Now, Papa and Mama Meagles both!” here she rose; “allow me to take the liberty of putting an end to this rather formidable controversy. I will not say another word upon its merits. I will only say that it is an additional proof of what one knows from all experience; that this kind of thing never answers—as my poor fellow himself would say, that it never pays—in one word, that it never does.”

Mr. Meagles asked, What kind of thing?

“It is in vain,” said Mrs. Gowan, “for people to attempt to get on together who have such extremely different antecedents; who are jumbled against each other in this accidental, matrimonial sort of way; and who cannot look at the untoward circumstance which has shaken them together, in the same light. It never does.”

Mr. Meagles was beginning, “Permit me to say, ma’am——.”

“No, don’t!” returned Mrs. Gowan. “Why should you! It is an ascertained fact. It never does. I will therefore, if you please, go my way, leaving you to yours. I shall at all times be happy to receive my poor fellow’s pretty wife, and I shall always make a point of being on the most affectionate terms with her. But as to these terms, semi-family and semi-stranger, semi-goring and semi-boring, they form a state of things quite amusing in its impracticability. I assure you it never does.”

The Dowager here made a smiling obeisance, rather to the room than to any one in it, and therewith took a final farewell of Papa and Mama Meagles. Clennam stepped forward to hand her to the Pill-Box, which was at the service of all the Pills in Hampton Court Palace; and she got into that vehicle with distinguished serenity, and was driven away.

Thenceforth the Dowager, with a light and careless humor, often recounted to her particular acquaintance how, after a hard trial, she had found it impossible to know those people who belonged to Henry’s wife, and who had made that desperate set to catch him. Whether

she had come to the conclusion beforehand, that to get rid of them would give her favorite pretence a better air, might save her some occasional inconvenience, and could risk no loss (the pretty creature being fast married, and her father devoted to her), was best known to herself. Though this history has its opinion on that point too, and decidedly in the affirmative.

## CHAPTER IX.

### APPEARANCE AND DISAPPEARANCE.

"ARTHUR, my dear boy," said Mr. Meagles, on the evening of the following day, "Mother and I have been talking this over, and we don't feel comfortable in remaining as we are. That elegant connexion of ours—that dear lady who was here yesterday——"

"I understand," said Arthur.

"Even that affable and condescending ornament of society," pursued Mr. Meagles, "may misrepresent us, we are afraid. We could bear a great deal, Arthur, for her sake; but we think we would rather not bear that, if it was all the same to her."

"Good," said Arthur. "Go on."

"You see," proceeded Mr. Meagles, "it might put us wrong with our son-in-law, it might even put us wrong with our daughter, and it might lead to a great deal of domestic trouble. You see, don't you?"

"Yes indeed," returned Arthur, "there is much reason in what you say." He had glanced at Mrs. Meagles, who was always on the good and sensible side; and a petition had shone out of her honest face that he would support Mr. Meagles in his present inclinations.

"So we are very much disposed, are Mother and I," said Mr. Meagles, "to pack up bag and baggage and go among the Allongers and Marshongers once more. I mean, we are very much disposed to be off, strike right through France into Italy, and see our Pet."

"And I don't think," replied Arthur, touched by the motherly anticipation in the bright face of Mrs. Meagles (she must have been very like her daughter, once), "that you could do better. And if you ask me for my advice, it is that you set off to-morrow."

"Is it really, though?" said Mr. Meagles. "Mother, this is being backed in an idea?"

Mother, with a look which thanked Clennam in a manner very agreeable to him, answered that it was indeed.

"The fact is, besides, Arthur," said Mr. Meagles, the old cloud coming over his face, "that my son-in-law is already in debt again, and that I suppose I must clear him again. It may be as well, even on this account, that I should step over there, and look him up in a friendly way. Then again, here's Mother foolishly anxious (and yet

naturally too) about Pet's state of health, and that she should not be left to feel lonesome at the present time. It's undeniably a long way off, Arthur, and a strange place for the poor love under all the circumstances. Let her be as well cared for as any lady in that land, still it is a long way off. Just as Home is Home though it's never so Homely, why you see," said Mr. Meagles, adding a new version to the proverb, "Rome is Rome though it's never so Romely."

"All perfectly true," observed Arthur, "and all sufficient reasons for going."

"I am glad you think so; it decides me. Mother, my dear, you may get ready. We have lost our pleasant interpreter (she spoke three foreign languages beautifully, Arthur; you have heard her many a time), and you must pull me through it, Mother, as well as you can. I require a deal of pulling through, Arthur," said Mr. Meagles, shaking his head, "a deal of pulling through. I stick at everything beyond a noun-substantive,—and I stick at him, if he's at all a tight one."

"Now I think of it," returned Clennam, "there's Cavalletto. He shall go with you if you like. I could not afford to lose him, but you will bring him safe back."

"Well! I am much obliged to you, my boy," said Mr. Meagles, turning it over, "but I think not. No, I think I'll be pulled through by Mother. Caval-looro (I stick at his very name to start with, and it sounds like the chorus to a comic song), is so necessary to you, that I don't like the thought of taking him away. More than that, there's no saying when we may come home again; and it would never do to take him away for an indefinite time. The cottage is not what it was. It only holds two little people less than it ever did, Pet, and her poor unfortunate maid Tattycoram; but it seems empty now. Once out of it, there's no knowing when we may come back to it. No, Arthur, I'll be pulled through by Mother."

They would do best by themselves perhaps, after all, Clennam thought; therefore did not press his proposal.

"If you would come down and stay here for a change, when it wouldn't trouble you," Mr. Meagles resumed, "I should be glad to think—and so would Mother too, I know—that you were brightening up the old place with a bit of life it was used to when it was full, and that the Babies on the wall there, had a kind eye upon them sometimes. You so belong to the spot, and to them, Arthur, and we should every one of us have been so happy if it had fallen out—but, let us see—how's the weather for travelling, now?" Mr. Meagles broke off, cleared his throat, and got up to look out of window.

They agreed that the weather was of high promise; and Clennam kept the talk in that safe direction until it had become easy again, when he gently diverted it to Henry Gowan, and his quick sense and agreeable qualities when he was delicately dealt with; he likewise dwelt on the indisputable affection he entertained for his wife. Clennam did not fail of his effect upon good Mr. Meagles, whom these commendations greatly cheered; and who took Mother to witness that the single and cordial desire of his heart in reference to their

daughter's husband, was harmoniously to exchange friendship for friendship, and confidence for confidence. Within a few hours the cottage furniture began to be wrapped up for preservation in the family absence—or, as Mr. Meagles expressed it, the house began to put its hair in papers—and within a few days Father and Mother were gone, Mrs. Tickit and Dr. Buchan were posted, as of yore, behind the parlor blind, and Arthur's solitary feet were rustling among the dry fallen leaves in the garden walks.

As he had a liking for the spot, he seldom let a week pass without paying it a visit. Sometimes, he went down alone from Saturday to Monday; sometimes, his partner accompanied him; sometimes, he merely strolled for an hour or two about the house and garden, saw that all was right, and returned to London again. At all times and under all circumstances Mrs. Tickit, with her dark row of curls and Doctor Buchan, sat in the parlor window, looking out for the family return.

On one of his visits Mrs. Tickit received him with the words, "I have something to tell you, Mr. Clennam, that will surprise you." So surprising was the something in question, that it actually brought Mrs. Tickit out of the parlor window and produced her in the garden walk, when Clennam went in at the gate on its being opened for him.

"What is it, Mrs. Tickit?" said he.

"Sir," returned that faithful housekeeper, having taken him into the parlor and closed the door; "if ever I saw the led away and deluded child in my life, I saw her identically in the dusk of yesterday evening."

"You don't mean Tatty——"

"Coram yes I do!" quoth Mrs. Tickit, clearing the disclosure at a leap.

"Where?"

"Mr. Clennam," returned Mrs. Tickit, "I was a little heavy in my eyes, being that I was waiting longer than customary for my cup of tea which was then preparing by Mary Jane. I was not sleeping, nor what a person would term correctly, dozing. I was more what a person would strictly call watching with my eyes closed."

Without entering upon an enquiry into this curious abnormal condition, Clennam said, "Exactly. Well?"

"Well, sir," proceeded Mrs. Tickit, "I was thinking of one thing and thinking of another. Just as you yourself might. Just as anybody might."

"Precisely so," said Clennam. "Well?"

"And when I do think of one thing and do think of another," pursued Mrs. Tickit, "I hardly need to tell you, Mr. Clennam, that I think of the family. Because, dear me! a person's thoughts," Mrs. Tickit said this with an argumentative and philosophic air, "however they may stray, will go more or less on what is uppermost in their minds. They *will* do it, sir, and a person can't prevent them."

Arthur subscribed to this discovery with a nod.

"You find it so yourself, sir, I'll be bold to say," said Mrs. Tickit, "and we all find it so. It an't our stations in life that

changes us, Mr. Clennam; thoughts is free!—As I was saying, I was thinking of one thing and thinking of another, and thinking very much of the family. Not of the family in the present times only, but in the past times too. For when a person does begin thinking of one thing and thinking of another, in that manner as it's getting dark, what I say is that all times seem to be present, and a person must get out of that state and consider before they can say which is which."

He nodded again; afraid to utter a word, lest it should present any new opening to Mrs. Tickit's conversational powers.

"In consequence of which," said Mrs. Tickit, "when I quivered my eyes and saw her actual form and figure looking in at the gate, I let them close again without so much as starting; for that actual form and figure came so pat to the time when it belonged to the house as much as mine or your own, that I never thought at the moment of its having gone away. But, sir, when I quivered my eyes again and saw that it wasn't there, then it all flooded upon me with a fright, and I jumped up."

"You ran out directly?" said Clennam.

"I ran out," assented Mrs. Tickit, "as fast as ever my feet would carry me; and if you'll credit it, Mr. Clennam, there wasn't in the whole shining Heavens, no not so much as a finger of that young woman."

Passing over the absence from the firmament of this novel constellation, Arthur enquired of Mrs. Tickit if she herself went beyond the gate?

"Went to and fro, and high and low," said Mrs. Tickit, "and saw no sign of her!"

He then asked Mrs. Tickit how long a space of time she supposed there might have been between the two sets of ocular quiverings she had experienced? Mrs. Tickit, though minutely circumstantial in her reply, had no settled opinion between five seconds and ten minutes. She was so plainly at sea on this part of the case, and had so clearly been startled out of slumber, that Clennam was much disposed to regard the appearance as a dream. Without hurting Mrs. Tickit's feelings with that infidel solution of her mystery, he took it away from the cottage with him; and probably would have retained it ever afterwards, if a circumstance had not soon happened to change his opinion.

He was passing at nightfall along the Strand, and the lamplighter was going on before him, under whose hand the street-lamps, blurred by the foggy air, burst out one after another, like so many blazing sunflowers coming into full-blow all at once,—when a stoppage on the pavement, caused by a train of coal-waggons toiling up from the wharves at the river-side, brought him to a stand-still. He had been walking quickly, and going with some current of thought, and the sudden check given to both operations caused him to look freshly about him, as people under such circumstances usually do.

Immediately, he saw in advance—a few people intervening, but still so near to him that he could have touched them by stretching out his arm—Tattycoram and a strange man of a remarkable appearance:

a swaggering man, with a high nose, and a black moustache as false in its color as his eyes were false in their expression, who wore his heavy cloak with the air of a foreigner. His dress and general appearance were those of a man on travel, and he seemed to have very recently joined the girl. In bending down (being much taller than she was), listening to whatever she said to him, he looked over his shoulder with the suspicious glance of one who was not unused to be mistrustful that his footsteps might be dogged. It was then that Clennam saw his face; as his eyes lowered on the people behind him in the aggregate, without particularly resting upon Clennam's face or any other.

He had scarcely turned his head about again, and it was still bent down, listening to the girl, when the stoppage ceased, and the obstructed stream of people flowed on. Still bending his head and listening to the girl, he went on at her side, and Clennam followed them, resolved to play this unexpected play out, and see where they went.

He had hardly made the determination (though he was not long about it), when he was again as suddenly brought up as he had been by the stoppage. They turned short into the Adelphi,—the girl evidently leading,—and went straight on, as if they were going to the Terrace which overhangs the river.

There is always, to this day, a sudden pause in that place to the roar of the great thoroughfare. The many sounds become so deadened that the change is like putting cotton in the ears, or having the head thickly muffled. At that time the contrast was far greater; there being no small steam-boats on the river, no landing-places but slippery wooden stairs and foot-causeways, no railroad on the opposite bank, no hanging bridge or fish-market near at hand, no traffic on the nearest bridge of stone, nothing moving on the stream but watermen's wherries and coal-lighters. Long and broad black tiers of the latter, moored fast in the mud as if they were never to move again, made the shore funereal and silent after dark; and kept what little water-movement there was, far out towards mid-stream. At any hour later than sunset, and not least at that hour when most of the people who have anything to eat at home are going home to eat it, and when most of those who have nothing have hardly yet slunk out to beg or steal, it was a deserted place and looked on\* a deserted scene.

Such was the hour when Clennam stopped at the corner, observing the girl and the strange man as they went down the street. The man's footsteps were so noisy on the echoing stones that he was unwilling to add the sound of his own. But, when they had passed the turning and were in the darkness of the dark corner leading to the terrace, he made after them with such indifferent appearance of being a casual passenger on his way, as he could assume.

When he rounded the dark corner, they were walking along the terrace, towards a figure which was coming towards them. If he had seen it by itself, under such conditions of gas-lamp, mist, and distance, he might not have known it at first sight; but with the figure of the girl to prompt him, he at once recognised Miss Wade.

He stopped at the corner, seeming to look back expectantly up the street, as if he had made an appointment with some one to meet him there; but he kept a careful eye on the three. When they came together, the man took off his hat, and made Miss Wade a bow. The girl appeared to say a few words as though she presented him, or accounted for his being late, or early, or what not; and then fell a pace or so behind, by herself. Miss Wade and the man then began to walk up and down; the man having the appearance of being extremely courteous and complimentary in manner; Miss Wade having the appearance of being extremely haughty.

When they came down to the corner and turned, she was saying. "If I pinch myself for it, sir, that is my business. Confine yourself to yours, and ask me no question."

"By Heaven, ma'am!" he replied, making her another bow. "It was my profound respect for the strength of your character, and my admiration of your beauty."

"I want neither the one nor the other from any one," said she, "and certainly not from you of all creatures. Go on with your report."

"Am I pardoned?" he asked, with an air of half-abashed gallantry.

"You are paid," she said, "and that is all you want."

Whether the girl hung behind because she was not to hear the business, or as already knowing enough about it, Clennam could not determine. They turned and she turned. She looked away at the River, as she walked with her hands folded before her; and that was all he could make of her without showing his face. There happened, by good fortune, to be a lounge really waiting for some one; and he sometimes looked over the railing at the water, and sometimes came to the dark corner and looked up the street, rendering Arthur less conspicuous.

When Miss Wade and the man came back again, she was saying, "You must wait until to-morrow."

"A thousand pardons!" he returned. "My faith! Then it's not convenient to-night?"

"No. I tell you I must get it before I can give it to you."

She stopped in the roadway, as if to put an end to the conference. He of course stopped too. And the girl stopped. \*

"It's a little inconvenient," said the man. "A little. But, Holy Blue! that's nothing, in such a service. I am without money to-night by chance. I *have* a good banker in this city, but I would not wish to draw upon the house until the time when I shall draw for a round sum."

"Harriet," said Miss Wade, "arrange with him—this gentleman here—for sending him some money to-morrow." She said it with a slur of the word gentleman which was more contemptuous than any emphasis, and walked slowly on.

The man bent his head again, and the girl spoke to him as they both followed her. Clennam ventured to look at the girl as they moved away. He could note that her rich black eyes were fastened upon the man with a scrutinising expression, and that she kept at a little

distance from him, as they walked side by side to the further end of the terrace.

A loud and altered clank upon the pavement warned him, before he could discern what was passing there, that the man was coming back alone. Clennam lounged into the road, towards the railing; and the man passed at a quick swing, with the end of his cloak thrown over his shoulder, singing a scrap of a French song.

The whole vista had no one in it now but himself. The lounge had lounged out of view, and Miss Wade and Tattycoram were gone. More than ever bent on seeing what became of them, and on having some information to give his good friend Mr. Meagles, he went out at the further end of the terrace, looking cautiously about him. He rightly judged that, at first at all events, they would go in a contrary direction from their late companion. He soon saw them in a neighbouring bye-street, which was not a thoroughfare, evidently allowing time for the man to get well out of their way. They walked leisurely arm-in-arm down one side of the street, and returned on the opposite side. When they came back to the street-corner, they changed their pace for the pace of people with an object and a distance before them, and walked steadily away. Clennam, no less steadily, kept them in sight.

They crossed the Strand, and passed through Covent Garden (under the windows of his old lodging where dear Little Dorrit had come that night), and slanted away north-east, until they passed the great building whence Tattycoram derived her name, and turned into the Gray's Inn Road. Clennam was quite at home here, in right of Flora, not to mention the Patriarch and Pancks, and kept them in view with ease. He was beginning to wonder where they might be going next, when that wonder was lost in the greater wonder with which he saw them turn into the Patriarchal street. That wonder was in its turn swallowed up in the greater wonder with which he saw them stop at the Patriarchal door. A low double knock at the bright brass knocker, a gleam of light into the road from the opened door, a brief pause for enquiry and answer, and the door was shut, and they were housed.

After looking at the surrounding objects for assurance that he was not in an odd dream, and after pacing a little while before the house, Arthur knocked at the door. It was opened by the usual maid-servant, and she showed him up at once, with her usual alacrity, to Flora's sitting-room.

There was no one with Flora but Mr. F's Aunt, which respectable gentlewoman, basking in a balmy atmosphere of tea and toast, was ensconced in an easy chair by the fireside, with a little table at her elbow, and a clean white handkerchief spread over her lap, on which two pieces of toast at that moment awaited consumption. Bending over a steaming vessel of tea, and looking through the steam, and breathing forth the steam, like a malignant Chinese enchantress engaged in the performance of unholy rites, Mr. F's Aunt put down her great teacup, and exclaimed, "Drat him, if he an't come back again!"

It would seem from the foregoing exclamation that this uncompromising relative of the lamented Mr. F, measuring time by the acuteness

of her sensations and not by the clock, supposed Clennam to have lately gone away; whereas at least a quarter of a year had elapsed since he had had the temerity to present himself before her.

"My goodness Arthur!" cried Flora, rising to give him a cordial reception, "Doyce and Clennam what a start and a surprise for though not far from the machinery and foundry business and surely might be taken sometimes if at no other time about mid-day when a glass of sherry and a humble sandwich of whatever cold meat in the larder might not come amiss nor taste the worse for being friendly for you know you buy it somewhere and wherever bought a profit must be made or they would never keep the place it stands to reason without a motive still never seen and learnt now not to be expected, for as Mr. F himself said if seeing is believing not seeing is believing too and when you don't see you may fully believe you're not remembered not that I expect you Arthur Doyce and Clennam to remember me why should I for the days are gone but bring another teacup here directly and tell her fresh toast and pray sit near the fire."

Arthur was in the greatest anxiety to explain the object of his visit; but was put off for the moment, in spite of himself, by what he understood of the reproachful purport of these words, and by the genuine pleasure she testified in seeing him.

"And now pray tell me something all you know," said Flora, drawing her chair near to his, "about the good dear quiet little thing and all the changes of her fortunes carriage people now no doubt and horses without number most romantic, a coat of arms of course and wild beasts on their hind legs showing it as if it was a copy they had done with mouths from ear to ear good gracious, and has she her health which is the first consideration after all for what is wealth without it Mr. F himself so often saying when his twinges came that sixpence a-day and find yourself and no gout so much preferable, not that he could have lived on anything like it being the last man or that the precious little thing though far too familiar an expression now had any tendency of that sort much too slight and small but looked so fragile bless her!"

Mr. F's Aunt, who had eaten a piece of toast down to the crust, here solemnly handed the crust to Flora, who ate it for her as a matter of business. Mr. F's Aunt then moistened her ten fingers in slow succession at her lips, and wiped them in exactly the same order on the white handkerchief; then took the other piece of toast, and fell to work upon it. While pursuing this routine, she looked at Clennam with an expression of such intense severity that he felt obliged to look at her in return, against his personal inclinations.

"She is in Italy, with all her family, Flora," he said, when the dread lady was occupied again.

"In Italy is she really?" said Flora, "with the grapes and figs growing everywhere and lava necklaces and bracelets too that land of poetry with burning mountains picturesque beyond belief though if the organ-boys come away from the neighbourhood not to be scorched nobody can wonder being so young and bringing their white mice with them most humane, and is she really in that favored land with nothing but blue about her and dying gladiators and Belvederas though Mr. F him-

self did not believe for his objection when in spirits was that the images could not be true there being no medium between expensive quantities of linen badly got up and all in creases and none whatever, which certainly does not seem probable though perhaps in consequence of the extremes of rich and poor which may account for it."

Arthur tried to edge a word in, but Flora hurried on again.

"Venice Preserved too," said she, "I think you have been there is it well or ill preserved for people differ so and Maccaroni if they really eat it like the conjurors why not cut it shorter, you are acquainted Arthur—dear Doyce and Clennam at least not dear and most assuredly not Doyce for I have not the pleasure but pray excuse me—acquainted I believe with Mantua what *has* it got to do with Mantua-making for I never have been able to conceive?"

"I believe there is no connexion, Flora, between the two"—Arthur was beginning, when she caught him up again.

"Upon your word no isn't there I never did but that's like me I run away with an idea and having none to spare I keep it, alas there was a time dear Arthur that is to say decidedly not dear nor Arthur neither but you understand me when one bright idea gilded the what's-his-name horizon of et cetera but it is darkly clouded now and all is over."

Arthur's increasing wish to speak of something very different was by this time so plainly written on his face, that Flora stopped in a tender look, and asked him what it was?

"I have the greatest desire, Flora, to speak to some one who is now in this house—with Mr. Casby no doubt. Some one whom I saw come in, and who, in a misguided and deplorable way, has deserted the house of a friend of mine."

"Papa sees so many and such odd people," said Flora rising, "that I shouldn't venture to go down for any one but you Arthur but for you I would willingly go down in a diving-bell much more a dining-room and will come back directly if you'll mind and at the same time not mind Mr. F's Aunt while I'm gone."

With those words and a parting glance, Flora bustled out, leaving Clennam under dreadful apprehensions of his terrible charge.

The first variation which manifested itself in Mr. F's Aunt's demeanour when she had finished her piece of toast, was a loud and prolonged sniff. Finding it impossible to avoid construing this demonstration into a defiance of himself, its gloomy significance being unmistakable, Clennam looked plaintively at the excellent though prejudiced lady from whom it emanated, in the hope that she might be disarmed by a meek submission.

"None of your eyes at me," said Mr. F's Aunt, shivering with hostility. "Take that."

"That" was the crust of the piece of toast. Clennam accepted the boon with a look of gratitude, and held it in his hand under the pressure of a little embarrassment, which was not relieved when Mr. F's Aunt, elevating her voice into a cry of considerable power, exclaimed "He has a proud stomach, this chap! He's too proud a chap to eat it!" and, coming out of her chair, shook her venerable fist so very close to his nose as to tickle the surface. But for

the timely return of Flora, to find him in this difficult situation, further consequences might have ensued. Flora, without the least discomposure or surprise, but congratulating the old lady in an approving manner on being "very lively to-night," handed her back to her chair.

"He has a proud stomach, this chap," said Mr. F's relation, on being reseated. "Give him a meal of chaff!"

"Oh! I don't think he would like that, aunt," returned Flora.

"Give him a meal of chaff, I tell you," said Mr. F's Aunt, glaring round Flora on her enemy. "It's the only thing for a proud stomach. Let him eat it up every morsel. Drat him, give him a meal of chaff!"

Under a general pretence of helping him to this refreshment, Flora got him out on the staircase; Mr. F's Aunt even then constantly reiterating, with inexpressible bitterness, that he was "a chap," and had "a proud stomach," and over and over again insisting on that equine provision being made for him which she had already so strongly prescribed.

"Such an inconvenient staircase and so many corner-stairs Arthur," whispered Flora, "would you object to putting your arm round me under my pelerine?"

With a sense of going downstairs in a highly ridiculous manner, Clennam descended in the required attitude, and only released his fair burden at the dining-room door; indeed, even there she was rather difficult to get rid of, remaining in his embrace to murmur, "Arthur for mercy's sake don't breathe it to papa!"

She accompanied Arthur into the room, where the Patriarch sat alone, with his list shoes on the fender, twirling his thumbs as if he had never left off. The youthful Patriarch, aged ten, looked out of his picture-frame above him, with no calmer air than he. Both smooth heads were alike beaming, blundering, and bumpy.

"Mr. Clennam, I am glad to see you. I hope you are well, sir, I hope you are well. Please to sit down, please to sit down."

"I had hoped, sir," said Clennam, doing so, and looking round with a face of blank disappointment, "not to find you alone."

"Ah, indeed?" said the Patriarch, sweetly. "Ah, indeed?"

"I told you so you know papa," cried Flora.

"Ah, to be sure!" returned the Patriarch. "Yes, just so. Ah, to be sure!"

"Pray, sir," demanded Clennam anxiously, "is Miss Wade gone?"

"Miss —? Oh, you call her Wade," returned Mr. Casby. "Highly proper."

Arthur quickly returned, "What do you call her?"

"Wade," said Mr. Casby. "Oh, always Wade."

After looking at the philanthropic visage, and the long silky white hair for a few seconds, during which Mr. Casby twirled his thumbs, and smiled at the fire as if he were benevolently wishing it to burn him that he might forgive it, Arthur began:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Casby——"

"Not so, not so," said the Patriarch, "not so."

"—But, Miss Wade had an attendant with her—a young woman brought up by friends of mine, over whom her influence is not considered very salutary, and to whom I should be glad to have the opportunity of giving the assurance that she has not yet forfeited the interest of those protectors."

"Really, really?" returned the Patriarch.

"Will you therefore be so good as to give me the address of Miss Wade?"

"Dear, dear, dear!" said the Patriarch, "how very unfortunate! If you had only sent in to me when they were here! I observed the young woman, Mr. Clennam. A fine full-colored young woman, Mr. Clennam, with very dark hair and very dark eyes. If I mistake not, if I mistake not?"

Arthur assented, and said once more with new expression, "If you will be so good as to give me the address."

"Dear, dear, dear!" exclaimed the Patriarch in sweet regret. "Tut, tut, tut! what a pity, what a pity! I have no address, sir. Miss Wade mostly lives abroad, Mr. Clennam. She has done so for some years, and she is (if I may say so of a fellow creature and a lady) fitful and uncertain to a fault, Mr. Clennam. I may not see her again for a long, long time. I may never see her again. What a pity, what a pity!"

Clennam saw, now, that he had as much hope of getting assistance out of the Portrait as out of the Patriarch; but he said nevertheless:

"Mr. Casby, could you, for the satisfaction of the friends I have mentioned, and under any obligation of secrecy that you may consider it your duty to impose, give me any information at all touching Miss Wade? I have seen her abroad, and I have seen her at home, but I know nothing of her. Could you give me any account of her whatever?"

"None," returned the Patriarch, shaking his big head with his utmost benevolence. "None at all. Dear, dear, dear! What a real pity that she stayed so short a time, and you delayed! As confidential agency business, agency business, I have occasionally paid this lady money; but what satisfaction is it to you, sir, to know that?"

"Truly none at all," said Clennam.

"Truly," assented the Patriarch, with a shining face as he philanthropically smiled at the fire, "none at all, sir. You hit the wise answer, Mr. Clennam. Truly, none at all, sir."

His turning of his smooth thumbs over one another as he sat there, was so typical to Clennam of the way in which he would make the subject revolve if it were pursued, never showing any new part of it nor allowing it to make the smallest advance, that it did much to help to convince him of his labor having been in vain. He might have taken any time to think about it, for Mr. Casby, well accustomed to get on anywhere by leaving everything to his bumps and his white hair, knew his strength to lie in silence. So there Casby sate, twirling and twirling, and making his polished head and forehead look largely benevolent in every knob.

With this spectacle before him, Arthur had risen to go, when from the inner Dock where the good ship Pancks was hove down

when out in no cruising ground, the noise was heard of that steamer laboring towards them. It struck Arthur that the noise began demonstratively far off, as though Mr. Pancks sought to impress on any one who might happen to think about it, that he was working on from out of hearing.

Mr. Pancks and he shook hands, and the former brought his employer a letter or two to sign. Mr. Pancks in shaking hands merely scratched his eyebrow with his left forefinger and snorted once, but Clennam, who understood him better now than of old, comprehended that he had almost done for the evening and wished to say a word to him outside. Therefore, when he had taken his leave of Mr. Casby, and (which was a more difficult process) of Flora, he sauntered in the neighbourhood on Mr. Pancks's line of road.

He had waited but a short time when Mr. Pancks appeared. Mr. Pancks shaking hands again with another expressive snort, and taking off his hat to put his hair up, Arthur thought he received his cue to speak to him as one who knew pretty well what had just now passed. Therefore he said, without any preface:

"I suppose they were really gone, Pancks?"

"Yes," replied Pancks. "They were really gone."

"Does he know where to find that lady?"

"Can't say. I should think so."

Mr. Pancks did not? No, Mr. Pancks did not. Did Mr. Pancks know anything about her?

"I expect," rejoined that worthy, "I know as much about her, as she knows about herself. She is somebody's child—anybody's—nobody's. Put her in a room in London here with any six people old enough to be her parents, and her parents may be there for anything she knows. They may be in any house she sees, they may be in any churchyard she passes, she may run against 'em in any street, she may make chance acquaintances of 'em at any time; and never know it. She knows nothing about 'em. She knows nothing about any relative whatever. Never did. Never will."

"Mr. Casby could enlighten her, perhaps?"

"May be," said Pancks. "I expect so, but don't know. He has long had money (not overmuch as I make out) in trust to dole out to her when she can't do without it. Sometimes she's proud and won't touch it for a length of time; sometimes she's so poor that she must have it. She writhes under her life. A woman more angry, passionate, reckless, and revengeful never lived. She came for money to-night. Said she had peculiar occasion for it."

"I think," observed Clennam musing, "I by chance know what occasion—I mean into whose pocket the money is to go."

"Indeed?" said Pancks. "If it's a compact, I'd recommend that party to be exact in it. I wouldn't trust myself to that woman, young and handsome as she is, if I had wronged her; no, not for twice my proprietor's money! Unless," Pancks added as a saving clause, "I had a lingering illness on me, and wanted to get it over."

Arthur, hurriedly reviewing his own observation of her, found it to tally pretty nearly with Mr. Pancks's view.

"The wonder is to me," pursued Pancks, "that she has never done

for my proprietor, as the only person connected with her story she can lay hold of. Mentioning that, I may tell you, between ourselves, that I am sometimes tempted to do for him myself."

Arthur started and said, "Dear me, Pancks, don't say that!"

"Understand me," said Pancks, extending five cropped coaly finger-nails on Arthur's arm; "I don't mean, cut his throat. But, by all that's precious, if he goes too far, I'll cut his hair!"

Having exhibited himself in the new light of enunciating this tremendous threat, Mr. Pancks, with a countenance of grave import, snorted several times and steamed away.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE DREAMS OF MRS. FLINTWINCH THICKEN.

THE shady waiting-rooms of the Circumlocution Office, where he passed a good deal of time in company with various troublesome Convicts who were under sentence to be broken alive on that wheel, had afforded Arthur Clennam ample leisure, in three or four successive days, to exhaust the subject of his late glimpse of Miss Wade and Tattycoram. He had been able to make no more of it and no less of it, and in this unsatisfactory condition he was fain to leave it.

During this space he had not been to his mother's dismal old house. One of his customary evenings for repairing thither now coming round, he left his dwelling and his partner at nearly nine o'clock, and slowly walked in the direction of that grim home of his youth.

It always affected his imagination as wrathful, mysterious, and sad; and his imagination was sufficiently impressible to see the whole neighbourhood under some tinge of its dark shadow. As he went along, upon a dreary night, the dim streets by which he went seemed all depositories of oppressive secrets. The deserted counting-houses, with their secrets of books and papers locked up in chests and safes; the banking-houses, with their secrets of strong rooms and wells, the keys of which were in a very few secret pockets and a very few secret breasts; the secrets of all the dispersed grinders in the vast mill, among whom there were doubtless plunderers, forgers, and trust-betrayers of many sorts, whom the light of any day that dawned might reveal; he could have fancied that these things, in hiding, imparted a heaviness to the air. The shadow thickening and thickening as he approached its source, he thought of the secrets of the lonely church-vaults, where the people who had hoarded and secreted in iron coffers were in their turn similarly hoarded, not yet at rest from doing harm; and then of the secrets of the river, as it rolled its turbid tide between two frowning wildernesses of secrets, extending, thick and dense,

for many miles, and warding off the free air and the free country swept by winds and wings of birds.

The shadow still darkening as he drew near the house, the melancholy room which his father had once occupied, haunted by the appealing face he had himself seen fade away with him when there was no other watcher by the bed, arose before his mind. Its close air was secret. The gloom, and must, and dust of the whole tenement, were secret. At the heart of it his mother presided, inflexible of face, indomitable of will, firmly holding all the secrets of her own and his father's life, and austere opposing herself, front to front, to the great final secret of all life.

He had turned into the narrow and steep street from which the court or enclosure wherein the house stood opened, when another footstep turned into it behind him, and so close upon his own that he was jostled to the wall. As his mind was teeming with these thoughts, the encounter took him altogether unprepared, so that the other passenger had had time to say, boisterously, "Pardon! Not my fault!" and to pass on before the instant had elapsed which was requisite to his recovery of the realities about him.

When that moment had flashed away, he saw that the man striding on before him, was the man who had been so much in his mind during the last few days. It was no casual resemblance, helped out by the force of the impression the man had made upon him. It was the man; the man he had followed in company with the girl, and whom he had overheard talking to Miss Wade.

The street was a sharp descent and was crooked too, and the man (who although not drunk had the air of being flushed with some strong drink) went down it so fast that Clennam lost him as he looked at him. With no defined intention of following him, but with an impulse to keep the figure in view a little longer, Clennam quickened his pace to pass the twist in the street which hid him from his sight. On turning it, he saw the man no more.

Standing now, close to the gateway of his mother's house, he looked down the street: but it was empty. There was no projecting shadow large enough to obscure the man; there was no turning near that he could have taken; nor had there been any audible sound of the opening and closing of a door. Nevertheless, he concluded that the man must have had a key in his hand, and must have opened one of the many house-doors and gone in.

Ruminating on this strange chance and strange glimpse, he turned into the courtyard. As he looked, by mere habit, towards the feebly-lighted windows of his mother's room, his eyes encountered the figure he had just lost, standing against the iron railings of the little waste enclosure looking up at those windows, and laughing to himself. Some of the many vagrant cats who were always prowling about there by night, and who had taken fright at him, appeared to have stopped when he had stopped, and were looking at him with eyes by no means unlike his own from tops of walls and porches, and other safe points of pause. He had only halted for a moment to entertain himself thus; he immediately went forward, throwing the end of his cloak off his

shoulder as he went, ascended the unevenly-sunken steps, and knocked a sounding knock at the door.

Clennam's surprise was not so absorbing but that he took his resolution without any incertitude. He went up to the door too, and ascended the steps too. His friend looked at him with a braggart air, and sang to himself:

"Who passes by this road so late?  
Compagnon de la Majolaine;  
Who passes by this road so late?  
Always gay!"

After which he knocked again.

"You are impatient, sir," said Arthur.

"I am, sir. Death of my life, sir," returned the stranger, "it's my character to be impatient!"

The sound of Mistress Affery cautiously chaining the door before she opened it, caused them both to look that way. Affery opened it a very little, with a flaring candle in her hands, and asked who was that, at that time of night with that knock? "Why, Arthur!" she added with astonishment, seeing him first. "Not you, sure? Ah, Lord save us! No," she cried out, seeing the other. "Him again!"

"It's true! Him again, dear Mrs. Flintwinch," cried the stranger. "Open the door, and let me take my dear friend Jeremiah to my arms! Open the door, and let me hasten myself to embrace my Flintwinch!"

"He's not at home," said Affery.

"Fetch him!" cried the stranger. "Fetch my Flintwinch! Tell him that it is his old Blandois, who comes from arriving in England; tell him that it is his little boy who is here, his cabbage, his well-beloved! Open the door, beautiful Mrs. Flintwinch, and in the meantime let me to pass upstairs, to present my compliments—homage of Blandois—to my lady! My lady lives always? It is well. Open then!"

To Arthur's increased surprise, Mistress Affery, stretching her eyes wide at himself, as if in warning that this was not a gentleman for him to interfere with, drew back the chain, and opened the door. The stranger, without any ceremony, walked into the hall, leaving Arthur to follow him.

"Dispatch then! Achieve then! Bring my Flintwinch! Announce me to my lady!" cried the stranger, clanking about the stone floor.

"Pray tell me, Affery," said Arthur, aloud and sternly, as he surveyed him from head to foot with indignation; "who is this gentleman?"

"Pray tell me, Affery," the stranger repeated in his turn, "who—ha, ha, ha!—who is this gentleman?"

The voice of Mrs. Clennam opportunely called from her chamber above, "Affery, let them both come up. Arthur, come straight to me!"

"Arthur?" exclaimed Blandois, taking off his hat at arm's length, and bringing his heels together from a great stride in making him a

flourishing bow. "The son of my lady? I am the all-devoted of the son of my lady!"

Arthur looked at him again in no more flattering manner than before, and, turning on his heel without acknowledgment, went up stairs. The visitor followed him up-stairs. Mistress Affery took the key from behind the door, and deftly slipped out to fetch her lord.

A bystander, informed of the previous appearance of Monsieur Blandois in that room, would have observed a difference in Mrs. Clennam's present reception of him. Her face was not one to betray it; and her suppressed manner, and her set voice, were equally under her control. It wholly consisted in her never taking her eyes off his face from the moment of his entrance, and in her twice or thrice, when he was becoming noisy, swaying herself a very little forward in the chair in which she sat upright, with her hands immovable upon its elbows; as if she gave him the assurance that he should be presently heard at any length he would. Arthur did not fail to observe this; though the difference between the present occasion and the former was not within his power of observation.

"Madame," said Blandois, "do me the honor to present me to Monsieur, your son. It appears to me, madame, that Monsieur, your son, is disposed to complain of me. He is not polite."

"Sir," said Arthur, striking in expeditiously, "whoever you are, and however you come to be here, if I were the master of this house I would lose no time in placing you on the outside of it."

"But you are not," said his mother, without looking at him. "Unfortunately for the gratification of your unreasonable temper, you are not the master, Arthur."

"I make no claim to be, mother. If I object to this person's manner of conducting himself here, and object to it so much, that if I had any authority here I certainly would not suffer him to remain a minute, I object on your account."

"In the case of objection being necessary," she returned, "I could object for myself. And of course I should."

The subject of their dispute, who had seated himself, laughed loud, and rapped his leg with his hand.

"You have no right," said Mrs. Clennam, always intent on Blandois, however directly she addressed her son, "to speak to the prejudice of any gentleman (least of all a gentleman from another country), because he does not conform to your standard, or square his behaviour by your rules. It is possible that the gentleman may, on similar grounds, object to you."

"I hope so," returned Arthur.

"The gentleman," pursued Mrs. Clennam, "on a former occasion brought a letter of recommendation to us from highly esteemed and responsible correspondents. I am perfectly unacquainted with the gentleman's object in coming here at present. I am entirely ignorant of it, and cannot be supposed likely to be able to form the remotest guess at its nature;" her habitual frown became stronger, as she very slowly and weightily emphasised those words; "but, when the gentleman proceeds to explain his object, as I shall beg him to have

the goodness to do to myself and Flintwinch, when Flintwinch returns, it will prove, no doubt, to be one more or less in the usual way of our business, which it will be both our business and our pleasure to advance. It can be nothing else."

"We shall see, madame!" said the man of business.

"We shall see," she assented. "The gentleman is acquainted with Flintwinch; and when the gentleman was in London last, I remember to have heard that he and Flintwinch had some entertainment or good-fellowship together. I am not in the way of knowing much that passes outside this room, and the jingle of little worldly things beyond it does not much interest me; but I remember to have heard that."

"Right, madame. It is true." He laughed again, and whistled the burden of the tune he had sung at the door.

"Therefore, Arthur," said his mother, "the gentleman comes here as an acquaintance, and no stranger; and it is much to be regretted that your unreasonable temper should have found offence in him. I regret it. I say so to the gentleman. You will not say so, I know; therefore I say it for myself and Flintwinch, since with us two the gentleman's business lies."

The key of the door below was now heard in the lock, and the door was heard to open and close. In due sequence Mr. Flintwinch appeared; on whose entrance the visitor rose from his chair laughing loud, and folded him in a close embrace.

"How goes it, my cherished friend!" said he. "How goes the world, my Flintwinch? Rose-colored? So much the better, so much the better! Ah, but you look charming! Ah, but you look young and fresh as the flowers of Spring! Ah, good little boy! Brave child, brave child!"

While heaping these compliments on Mr. Flintwinch, he rolled him about with a hand on each of his shoulders, until the staggerings of that gentleman, who under the circumstances was dryer and more twisted than ever, were like those of a teetotum nearly spent.

"I had a presentiment, last time, that we should be better and more intimately acquainted. Is it coming on you, Flintwinch? Is it yet coming on?"

"Why, no, sir," retorted Mr. Flintwinch. "Not unusually. Hadn't you better be seated? You have been calling for some more of that port, sir, I guess?"

"Ah! Little joker! Little pig!" cried the visitor. "Ha ha ha ha!" And throwing Mr. Flintwinch away, as a closing piece of raillery, he sat down again.

The amazement, suspicion, resentment, and shame, with which Arthur looked on at all this, struck him dumb. Mr. Flintwinch, who had spun backward some two or three yards under the impetus last given to him, brought himself up with a face completely unchanged in its stolidity except as it was affected by shortness of breath, and looked hard at Arthur. Not a whit less reticent and wooden was Mr. Flintwinch outwardly, than in the usual course of things: the only perceptible difference in him being that the knot of cravat which was generally under his ear, had worked round to the back of his

head: where it formed an ornamental appendage, not unlike a bag-wig, and gave him something of a courtly appearance.

As Mrs. Clennam never removed her eyes from Blandois (on whom they had some effect, as a steady look has on a lower sort of dog), so Jeremiah never removed his from Arthur. It was as if they had tacitly agreed to take their different provinces. Thus, in the ensuing silence, Jeremiah stood scraping his chin and looking at Arthur, as though he were trying to screw his thoughts out of him with an instrument.

After a little, the visitor, as if he felt the silence irksome, rose, and impatiently put himself with his back to the sacred fire which had burned through so many years. Thereupon Mrs. Clennam said, moving one of her hands for the first time, and moving it very slightly with an action of dismissal:

"Please to leave us to our business, Arthur."

"Mother, I do so with reluctance."

"Never mind with what," she returned, "or with what not. Please to leave us. Come back at any other time when you may consider it a duty to bury half an hour wearily here. Good night."

She held up her muffled fingers that he might touch them with his, according to their usual custom, and he stood over her wheeled chair to touch her face with his lips. He thought, then, that her cheek was more strained than usual, and that it was colder. As he followed the direction of her eyes, in rising again, towards Mr. Flintwinch's good friend, Mr. Blandois, Mr. Blandois snapped his finger and thumb with one loud contemptuous snap.

"I leave your—your business acquaintance in my mother's room, Mr. Flintwinch," said Clennam, "with a great deal of surprise and a great deal of unwillingness."

The person referred to snapped his finger and thumb again.

"Good night, mother."

"Good night."

"I had a friend once, my good comrade Flintwinch," said Blandois, standing astride before the fire, and so evidently saying it to arrest Clennam's retreating steps, that he lingered near the door; "I had a friend once, who had heard so much of the dark side of this city and its ways, that he wouldn't have confided himself alone by night with two people who had an interest in getting him under the ground—my faith! not even in a respectable house like this—unless he was bodily too strong for them. Bah! What a poltroon, my Flintwinch! Eh?"

"A cur, sir."

"Agreed! A cur. But he wouldn't have done it, my Flintwinch, unless he had known them to have the will to silence him, without the power. He wouldn't have drunk from a glass of water, under such circumstances—not even in a respectable house like this, my Flintwinch—unless he had seen one of them drink first, and swallow too!"

Disdaining to speak, and indeed not very well able, for he was half-choking, Clennam only glanced at the visitor as he passed out. The visitor saluted him with another parting snap, and his nose came down

over his moustache and his moustache went up under his nose, in an ominous and ugly smile.

"For Heaven's sake, Affery," whispered Clennam, as she opened the door for him in the dark hall, and he groped his way to the sight of the night-sky, "what is going on here?"

Her own appearance was sufficiently ghastly, standing in the dark with her apron thrown over her head, and speaking behind it in a low, deadened voice.

"Don't ask me anything, Arthur. I've been in a dream for ever so long. Go away!"

He went out, and she shut the door upon him. He looked up at the windows of his mother's room, and the dim light, deadened by the yellow blinds, seemed to say a response after Affery, and to mutter, "Don't ask me anything. Go away!"

## CHAPTER XI.

### A LETTER FROM LITTLE DORRIT.

DEAR MR. CLENNAM.

As I said in my last that it was best for nobody to write to me, and as my sending you another little letter can therefore give you no other trouble than the trouble of reading it (perhaps you may not find leisure for even that, though I hope you will some day), I am now going to devote an hour to writing to you again. This time, I write from Rome.

We left Venice before Mr. and Mrs. Gowan did, but they were not so long upon the road as we were, and did not travel by the same way, and so when we arrived we found them in a lodging here, in a place called the Via Gregoriana. I dare say you know it.

Now, I am going to tell you all I can about them, because I know that is what you most want to hear. Theirs is not a very comfortable lodging, but perhaps I thought it less so when I first saw it than you would have done, because you have been in many countries and have seen many different customs. Of course it is a far, far better place—millions of times—than any I have ever been used to until lately; and I fancy I don't look at it with my own eyes, but with hers. For it would be easy to see that she has always been brought up in a tender and happy home, even if she had not told me so with great love for it.

Well, it is a rather bare lodging up a rather dark common staircase, and it is nearly all a large dull room, where Mr. Gowan paints. The windows are blocked up where any one could look out, and the walls have been all drawn over with chalk and charcoal by others who have lived there before—oh, I should think, for years! There is a curtain more dust-colored than red, which divides it, and the part behind the

curtain makes the private sitting-room. When I first saw her there she was alone, and her work had fallen out of her hand, and she was looking up at the sky shining through the tops of the windows. Pray do not be uneasy when I tell you, but it was not quite so airy, nor so bright, nor so cheerful, nor so happy and youthful altogether as I should have liked it to be.

On account of Mr. Gowan painting Papa's picture (which I am not quite convinced I should have known from the likeness if I had not seen him doing it), I have had more opportunities of being with her since then, than I might have had without this fortunate chance. She is very much alone. Very much alone indeed.

Shall I tell you about the second time I saw her? I went one day, when it happened that I could run round by myself, at four or five o'clock in the afternoon. She was then dining alone, and her solitary dinner had been brought in from somewhere, over a kind of brazier with a fire in it, and she had no company or prospect of company, that I could see, but the old man who had brought it. He was telling her a long story (of robbers outside the walls, being taken up by a stone statue of a Saint), to entertain her—as he said to me when I came out, “because he had a daughter of his own, though she was not so pretty.”

I ought now to mention Mr. Gowan, before I say what little more I have to say about her. He must admire her beauty, and he must be proud of her, for everybody praises it, and he must be fond of her, and I do not doubt that he is—but in his way. You know his way, and if it appears as careless and discontented in your eyes as it does in mine, I am not wrong in thinking that it might be better suited to her. If it does not seem so to you, I am quite sure I am wholly mistaken; for your unchanged poor child confides in your knowledge and goodness more than she could ever tell you, if she was to try. But don't be frightened, I am not going to try.

Owing (as I think, if you think so, too) to Mr. Gowan's unsettled and dissatisfied way, he applies himself to his profession very little. He does nothing steadily or patiently; but equally takes things up and throws them down, and does them, or leaves them undone, without caring about them. When I have heard him talking to Papa during the sittings for the picture, I have sat wondering whether it could be that he has no belief in anybody else, because he has no belief in himself. Is it so? I wonder what you will say when you come to this! I know how you will look, and I can almost hear the voice in which you would tell me on the Iron Bridge.

Mr. Gowan goes out a good deal among what is considered the best company here—though he does not look as if he enjoyed it or liked it when he is with it—and she sometimes accompanies him, but lately she has gone out very little. I think I have noticed that they have an inconsistent way of speaking about her, as if she had made some great self-interested success in marrying Mr. Gowan, though, at the same time, the very same people would not have dreamed of taking him for themselves or their daughters. Then he goes into the country besides, to think about making sketches; and in all places where there are visitors, he has a large acquaintance and is very well known. Besides all this,

he has a friend who is much in his society both at home and away from home, though he treats this friend very coolly and is very uncertain in his behaviour to him. I am quite sure (because she has told me so), that she does not like this friend. He is so revolting to me, too, that his being away from here, at present, is quite a relief to my mind. How much more to hers!

But what I particularly want you to know, and why I have resolved to tell you so much even while I am afraid it may make you a little uncomfortable without occasion, is this. She is so true and so devoted, and knows so completely that all her love and duty are his for ever, that you may be certain she will love him, admire him, praise him, and conceal all his faults, until she dies. I believe she conceals them, and always will conceal them, even from herself. She has given him a heart that can never be taken back; and however much he may try it, he will never wear out its affection. You know the truth of this, as you know everything, far far better than I; but I cannot help telling you what a nature she shows, and that you can never think too well of her.

I have not yet called her by her name in this letter, but we are such friends now that I do so when we are quietly together, and she speaks to me by my name—I mean, not my Christian name, but the name you gave me. When she began to call me Amy, I told her my short story, and that you had always called me Little Dorrit. I told her that the name was much dearer to me than any other, and so she calls me Little Dorrit too.

Perhaps you have not heard from her father or mother yet, and may not know that she has a baby son. He was born only two days ago, and just a week after they came. It has made them very happy. However, I must tell you, as I am to tell you all, that I fancy they are under a constraint with Mr. Gowan, and that they feel as if his mocking way with them was sometimes a slight given to their love for her. It was but yesterday when I was there, that I saw Mr. Meagles change color, and get up and go out, as if he was afraid that he might say so, unless he prevented himself by that means. Yet I am sure they are both so considerate, good-humored, and reasonable, that he might spare them. It is hard in him not to think of them a little more.

I stopped at the last full-stop to read all this over. It looked at first as if I was taking on myself to understand and explain so much, that I was half inclined not to send it. But when I had thought it over a little, I felt more hopeful of your knowing at once that I had only been watchful for you, and had only noticed what I think I have noticed because I was quickened by your interest in it. Indeed, you may be sure that is the truth.

And now I have done with the subject in the present letter, and have little left to say.

We are all quite well, and Fanny improves every day. You can hardly think how kind she is to me, and what pains she takes with me. She has a lover, who has followed her, first all the way from Switzerland, and then all the way from Venice, and who has just confided to me that he means to follow her everywhere. I was much

confused by his speaking to me about it, but he would. I did not know what to say, but at last I told him that I thought he had better not. For Fanny (but I did not tell him this) is much too spirited and clever to suit him. Still, he said he would, all the same. I have no lover, of course.

If you should ever get so far as this in this long letter, you will perhaps say, Surely Little Dorrit will not leave off without telling me something about her travels, and surely it is time she did. I think it is indeed, but I don't know what to tell you. Since we left Venice we have been in a great many wonderful places, Genoa and Florence among them, and have seen so many wonderful sights, that I am almost giddy when I think what a crowd they make. But you could tell me so much more about them than I can tell you, that why should I tire you with my accounts and descriptions?

Dear Mr. Clennam, as I had the courage to tell you what the familiar difficulties in my travelling mind were before, I will not be a coward now. One of my frequent thoughts is this:—Old as these cities are, their age itself is hardly so curious, to my reflections, as that they should have been in their places all through those days when I did not even know of the existence of more than two or three of them, and when I scarcely knew of anything outside our old walls. There is something melancholy in it, and I don't know why. When we went to see the famous leaning tower at Pisa, it was a bright sunny day, and it and the buildings near it looked so old, and the earth and sky looked so young, and its shadow on the ground was so soft and retired! I could not at first think how beautiful it was, or how curious, but I thought, "O how many times when the shadow of the wall was falling on our room, and when that weary tread of feet was going up and down the yard—O how many times this place was just as quiet and lovely as it is to-day!" It quite overpowered me. My heart was so full, that tears burst out of my eyes, though I did what I could to restrain them. And I have the same feeling often—often.

Do you know that since the change in our fortunes, though I appear to myself to have dreamed more than before, I have always dreamed of myself as very young indeed? I am not very old, you may say. No, but that is not what I mean. I have always dreamed of myself as a child learning to do needlework. I have often dreamed of myself as back there, seeing faces in the yard little known, and which I should have thought I had quite forgotten; but, as often as not, I have been abroad here—in Switzerland, or France, or Italy—somewhere where we have been—yet always as that little child. I have dreamed of going down to Mrs. General, with the patches on my clothes in which I can first remember myself. I have over and over again dreamed of taking my place at dinner at Venice when we have had a large company, in the mourning for my poor mother which I wore when I was eight years old, and wore long after it was threadbare and would mend no more. It has been a great distress to me to think how irreconcilable the company would consider it with my father's wealth, and how I should displease and disgrace him and Fanny and Edward by so plainly disclosing what they wished to keep secret. But I have not grown out of the little child in thinking

of it; and at the self-same moment I have dreamed that I have sat with the heart-ache at table, calculating the expenses of the dinner, and quite distracting myself with thinking how they were ever to be made good. I have never dreamed of the change in our fortunes itself; I have never dreamed of your coming back with me that memorable morning to break it; I have never even dreamed of you.

Dear Mr. Clennam, it is possible that I have thought of you—and others—so much by day, that I have no thoughts left to wander round you by night. For I must now confess to you that I suffer from homesickness—that I long so ardently and earnestly for home, as sometimes, when no one sees me, to pine for it. I cannot bear to turn my face further away from it. My heart is a little lightened when we turn towards it, even for a few miles, and with the knowledge that we are soon to turn away again. So dearly do I love the scene of my poverty and your kindness. O so dearly, O so dearly!

Heaven knows when your poor child will see England again. We are all fond of the life here (except me), and there are no plans for our return. My dear father talks of a visit to London late in this next spring, on some affairs connected with the property, but I have no hope that he will bring me with him.

I have tried to get on a little better under Mrs. General's instruction, and I hope I am not quite so dull as I used to be. I have begun to speak and understand, almost easily, the hard languages I told you about. I did not remember, at the moment when I wrote last, that you know them both; but I remembered it afterwards, and it helped me on. God bless you, dear Mr. Clennam. Do not forget

Your ever grateful and affectionate

LITTLE DORRIT.

P.S. Particularly remember that Minnie Gowan deserves the best remembrance in which you can hold her. You cannot think too generously or too highly of her. I forgot Mr. Pancks last time. Please, if you should see him, give him your Little Dorrit's kind regard. He was very good to Little D.

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The ILLUSTRATED SHAKSPEARE embodies the Portraits of the Author's multiplicity and diversity of characters and scenery—traces the unbounded imagination of his mighty genius, and "gives these airy nothings a habitation and a name." The writings of Shakspeare present inexhaustible sources for illustration and the richest materials for literary adornment; and the execution of designs for this purpose was confided to one who was imbued with a zeal and a love for the undertaking, without which, in all high endeavours, there can be no

**13. View in the Greek Court**—Containing some of the finest examples of Greek sculpture; a portion of the Egyptian Court is also visible, with one of the figures of Amenoph, restored from the black granite statue in the British Museum.

**14. Entrance to the Egyptian Court**—Remarkable for the dedication on the frieze, to the Queen, as the "Ruler of the Waves, the Royal Daughter Victoria, Lady Most Gracious," &c., in hieroglyphics.

**15. Interior View of the Crystal Palace**—Looking towards the north end, and comprising nearly the whole length of the nave. Osler's crystal fountain occupies the centre of the foreground, surrounded by the colossal statues of Lessing and Huskisson, Lord Chatham, and Dr. Johnson.

**16. The Stationery Court**—This view comprises three life-like figures by Rauch of Berlin, pupil both of Canova and Thorwaldson. The character of the Court is Composite, with cinque-cento ornamentation.

**17. Gallery of Greek Sculpture**—The statues seen in this view are of different periods of Greek art, but all of the highest class, from the collections at Rome, Naples, Paris, and Berlin.

**18. Gallery of Greek Sculpture**—A continuation of the preceding, and comprising statues and busts in no way inferior to it in any of the qualities of high and refined art.

**19. Gallery of Greek Sculpture**—Remarkable principally for the authenticated busts of Numa Pompilius and various Roman Emperors, clustered round the termination of the gallery looking towards the Court of the Lions.

**20. Gallery of Greek Sculpture**—Amongst the statues in this continuation of the Greek Court, is the far-famed Venus de Medici, and it is remarkable for the massive antae or square columns, in the recess between which is a small statue of Euripides.

**21. The Byzantine Court**—Two arches of the arcade from the cloisters of St. Mary in Capito, an ancient Church of Cologne, with examples on the spandrels of the costume and style of the Byzantine period, and recumbent figures of the Earls of Pembroke and Essex.

**22. The Byzantine Court**—A continuation of the same façade, with portraits of the Emperor Nicephorus and of Theodora, wife of Justinian.

**23. The Italian Court**—Constructed after the model of the Farnese Palace with the statue of Giuliano de Medici, and the figures of Light and Night, from San Lorenzo, Florence. In the centre is seen the fountain of the Tartarughe, from Rome.

**24. The Italian Court**—The original design of the Farnese Palace, the model from which this Court is taken, was by Sangallo, but it was completed under the direction of Michael Angelo; by whom is the celebrated statue of Bacchus, seen in front of the façade.

**25. English Mediæval Court**—Part of which is from Tintern Abbey, and part from Gainsborough, Yorkshire, with statues from Wells Cathedral and Romsey.

**26. Entrance to the Greek Court**—Presenting two columns from the Temple of Jupiter, at Nemea, and in the back ground a model, about one-fourth the size of the original, of the Parthenon, with antique statuary in the foreground.

**27. Interior of Greek Court**—Supported by pillars from the Temple of Jupiter, at Nemea, constructed about 400 years B.C. Here are the two famous statues, the gladiator Repellens, and the Scythian whetting his knife.

**28. Mixed Fabrics Court**—In the occupation of Sowerby, of Regent Street; at this angle is seen Bailey's Graces, and the Musidora by Thomas.

**29. The Roman Court**—Nothing can be more chaste and simple than this Court, its arches rising between Ionic pillars and separated by a pilaster of the same order, in harmony with the sculpture it contains.

**30. The Statues of Amenoph**—Restored from the original in black granite, now in the British Museum, together with a portrait of Rameses II. sitting under the Persea tree, sculptured on the walls.

**31. Interior of English Mediæval Court**—Most conspicuous in the centre of this Court is the tomb of Edward the Black Prince, from Canterbury Cathedral, and that of William of Wykeham, from Winchester, beyond which is the Walsingham Font.

**32. Middle Entrance to the Greek Court**—Showing a Doric column, part of the façade from the Temple of Jupiter, at Nemea.

**33. Entrance to the Alhambra Court**—An exact fac-simile of the entrance into the court of the Lions from the Court of the Fish-pond. The diaper pattern on the walls being from the Sala de la Barca.

**34. The Nave**—Osler's well-known fountain, Una and the Lion, and the Eagle Slayer, are here seen in a line across the nave, beyond which are the statues Charles I. and James II.

**35. Screen of the Kings and Queens of England**—A beautiful representation of the Screen designed by M. D. Wyatt, with the sculpture by Thomas; it is taken from the angle where the Norman series commences, and comprises the statue of her present Majesty.

**36. The Musical Instrument Court**—A truthful representation of the entrance of this beautiful Court, designed by Thomas, with a representation of Miriam in the space above, and a bust of Jubal to the right.

**37. View in the Nave**—This view is taken directly across the nave, in a line with Osler's fountain and the statues of Charles I. and James II.; and showing a line of statues, by Theed and Gibson, amongst which most conspicuous is that of Humphrey Cheetham, of Manchester.

**38. Group of Africans**—Contrasting the Negro of the lower levels, with the Danakil of the high pastures and plateaus of the Desert.

**39. Byzantine Court**—Showing the centre arch of the façade from the Church of St. Mary in Capitolet, at Cologne, the columns from which it springs being ornamented with capitals of different designs.

**40. Mixed Fabrics Court**—The only statue visible from this point of view, is

The above subjects can be had beautifully executed on Daguerreotype plates, at 8s. 6d. each. For beauty of tone and minute accuracy of detail, these slides are the finest ever issued.

The Second Series of about 200 subjects taken from the Crystal Palace, in addition to and including many of the above, without description, mounted at 2s. each slide; on Glass 5s. each.

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Articles of Vertu.

The Curiosity Shop.

The Enraged Cockatoo; or, a Chinese Ball

in Danger.

Mortality.

Hawk and Duckling.

Hen and Weasel.

Group of Four Chinese.

Group of Two Esquimaux.

Robt. Drummond, Valet to late Lord Nelson.

Mr. Lovejoy—objects to being disturbed just when he begins to feel comfortable.

(Taken by Command of Her Majesty.)

Group of Three Sailors—Crimean Heroes.

" Five Royal Marines

" 2 Royal Marine Artillery "

Group of 3 Rifle Brigade—Crimean Heroes.

" 3 Fusilier Guards "

Launch of the Marlborough at Portsmouth.

Ditto another View

Ditto another View.

from the Murder of the Innocents, but it derives its interest from the tropical evergreens, by which it is surrounded.

**41. Ceremony of Inauguration**

—Being a correct representation taken upon the spot on the 10th of June, 1854, when Mr. Laing, the Chairman of the Crystal Palace Company, was in the act of reading the address to Her Majesty.

**42. Mixed Fabrics Court**—Showing the Tired Hunter, a statue by Bailey, and Apollo discharging his bow, by the same artist.

**43. General View of the Crystal Palace**—A beautiful view of the building seen from a distance. It is taken from a point above Anerley station, where it is seen to the greatest advantage.

**44. Portion of the North Wing**—In which the general character of the Italian Terraces with the vases, statues, flower-beds, fish-ponds, &c., is seen in connection with a portion of the building.

**45. General View in the Grounds**—As seen from the central corridor, comprising the broad walk down to the great fountain, the village and church beyond the grounds, and the hills and variegated landscape in the far distance.

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The ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE embodies the Portraits of the Author's multiplicity and diversity of characters and scenery—traces the unbounded imagination of his mighty genius, and "gives these airy nothings a habitation and a name." The writings of Shakspeare present inexhaustible sources for illustration and the richest materials for literary adornment; and the execution of designs for this purpose was confided to one who was imbued with a zeal and a love for the undertaking, without which, in all high endeavours, there can be no

# ON THE 1st OF DECEMBER, 1856.

## SCENES FROM "OUR VILLAGE."

"So sweet a spot of earth, you might I ween,  
Have guessed some congregation of the elves  
To sport by summer moons had shaped it for themselves."

These pictures are perfect Stereoscopic "Gems," and no collection can be complete without them.

The Old Church.  
The Squire's House.  
The Fishpond.  
The Park Bridge.  
The Church through the Trees.  
The Road through our Village.  
The Dame and her Spinning Wheel.  
John Sims at his Pigstye.  
Maria Parson's Washing Day.  
A Gossip by the Way.  
Blacksmith's Shop.  
Old Giles's Grindstone.  
"The Cottage."  
Sowing Barley.  
Reaping.  
Reapers at Dinner in the Field.  
Loading the Wheat Cart.  
Rick Making.  
Going to School.  
The last Load—Gleaners waiting at the Gate.  
Gleaners Returning.  
Dick Carter's Potatoe Harvest.  
Lazy Joe Bennett's Hut.  
Taking Corn into the Granary.  
The Straw Yard.  
Loading the Dung Cart.  
Stacking the last Rick.  
A Rest by the Way.  
Dame Edmunds's talkative Daughter.

Old Dancy enjoying his Pipe.  
A Chat at the Gate.  
The Ruined Cow Shed.  
Lane leading to the Farm.  
First warm day in Spring.  
The Old Story (at the Pump).  
Martha and Daniel at the Churn.  
Little Mary and her Magpie.  
Our Rectory.  
The Village Schoolmistress.  
A View of our Street.  
Turnpike to the Hamlet.  
Bread and Cheese in the Barn.  
Cottage on the Banks of the River.  
A View of the Bridge.  
The Weir.  
The Weir—Another View.  
The Ferry.  
Under the Willows.  
Angling in the Stream.  
"Where I catch the most fish."  
Anglers done for the day.  
The Cart Shed.  
The Remains of the Old Hall.  
"Tummus" standing for his Picture.  
The Doctor's One Cow Dairy.  
Little Polly gone fast to sleep.  
Drawing Water from the Well.  
The back view of Neal's Cottage.  
Mrs. Giles at her Pump.

The above are most exquisitely executed, and each has descriptive matter, or an appropriate quotation at back.

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Sweet Music.  
Very Courteous.  
And something more.  
The young French Courtier making Love.

The Maiden Coy.  
The fascinating Tête-a-Tête.  
The young Lovers—Caught by the Duenna.  
The Wedding—(In spite of the Duenna).

Now Publishing (by permission), some Beautiful Scenes from the

### “WINTER’S TALE,”

Including Mrs. CHARLES KEAN as *Hermione*; Misses HEATH and LECLERCQ as *Florizel* and *Perdita*; Mr. HARLEY as *Autolycus*; Mr. RYDER, Misses EGLINTON, HUNT, FANNY CLIFFORD, &c., in their favourite characters, together with other celebrated actors. Published at 3s. each, exquisitely coloured, with full descriptive letter-press at back, or the set of 15 for £22 2s.

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Pantomimes, various and amusing.  
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Capture of the young Earl of Richmond.  
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Scene from *Holofernes*.

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The Emperor and Empress of China.  
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 The Coquette.  
 Boys Blowing Bubbles (Two Plates).  
 Boys at Play.  
 Impudence.  
 Children Swinging.  
 Dinner Party (Four Plates), group of 8.  
 Tea Party (Four Plates).  
 Dessert.  
 Group of Fruit.  
 Catholic Devotion.  
 Ross, Her Majesty's Piper.  
 Lady Asleep; Another overlooking.  
 Lady Reading; Another overlooking (Two Plates).  
 Dead Game.  
 Costermonger with Game.  
 Flower Girl.  
 Fruit Girl.

Fish Girl (Two Plates).  
 The Gleaner (Two Plates).  
 Vivandière.  
 The Swing.  
 The Gipsy.  
 The Toilet.  
 The Rabbit on the Wall.  
 Taking a Sight.  
 "Happy to take Wine with You." (Group of 7.)  
 The Tired Gleaner (Two Plates).  
 Infant asleep in Cot.  
 Group of Shells.  
 Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lecture.  
 Mr. Caudle's attempt at Peace.  
 His Success.  
 The Wedding at St. George's, No. 1.  
 Baby asleep in Cot, No. 2.  
 The Christening, No. 3.  
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 Blind Man's Buff.  
 "She is evidently shamming."  
 The momentous question.  
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Several elegant Drawing-room Scenes, such as ladies playing the harp, &c.

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 The Thimble-rigger has the best of the Rustic.  
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 His Wife chastises him.  
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 Pat with his Shillaleh.  
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Grinning through a horse collar.  
Winning the Gloves.  
"It's only a drop."  
The Gipsy Woman.  
Looking knowing.

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The Madeleine.  
Arc de Triomphe.  
Bas-relief on "  
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Cascades of St. Cloud.  
Cannons of the Invalides.  
The Corps Legislatif.  
Tour St. Jacques.  
Fountain of St. Sulpice.  
Statue of Francis I.  
The Arc de Caroussel.  
Fountain in the Champs Elysées.  
Place de la Concorde.  
The Exposition.  
Church of St. Eustache.

Porte St. Denis.  
Dome of the Invalides.  
St. Vincent de-Paul.  
Place des Victoires.  
Rue Rivoli.  
The Bastille.  
Fountain of the Luxembourg.  
Hotel de Ville.  
Colonnade of the Louvre.  
Church of St. Sulpice.  
Statue of Henry IV. on the Pont Neuf.  
The Flower Market.  
Library of the Louvre.  
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With several others of a similar description.

Entertaining Subjects of the "Wilkie" character,  
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Man and Woman in Yard—Snow Scene.  
Ladies seated outside Lodge-door.  
Maid taking Joint from Butcher Boy.  
Lady seated at Table.  
Family Group at Tea.  
Conversing with Neighbours over the Wall.  
A Boy's School.  
Group of Anglers.  
Child seen through Anti-Macassar.  
Porters gossiping in Yard.  
Group round Fish Pond.  
Group seated on Garden Chair.  
Wooden-legged Man at Kenilworth Castle.  
Interior of Larder.  
Ruined Gateway, Kenilworth.  
Militia Men at Skittles.  
Porters with Luggage, &c.—Snow Scene.  
Family outside Conservatory.  
Group of Game, &c.  
Men with Truck.  
Militia Men under Drill (several Plates).  
Poultry Larder.

Group of 25 Ladies and Children.  
Group of Anglers and Lady.  
Family Group in Arbour.  
Ladies playing at Chess.  
Group of Labourers.  
Boy on Rocking Horse.  
Girl on do.  
Man weighing out Coals.  
Peacock in Garden.  
Group of Stuffed Birds in Cases.  
Smoking Cigar in Grotto.  
Group of Gentlemen at Boat-house.  
Piece of Ruined Castle covered with Ivy.  
Family Group at Cottage Door.  
Sportsman Firing; Gardener and Boy.  
Labourers taking their Meals.  
Black Letter and Spectacles.  
Packing Soda-water.  
Friendly Visit.  
Girls giving the Gardener some Porter.  
Man washing Dog-cart.  
Boys in Punt, Angling.

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The ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE embodies the Portraits of the Author's multiplicity and diversity of characters and scenery—traces the unbounded imagination of his mighty genius, and "gives these airy nothings a habitation and a name." The writings of Shakespeare present inexhaustible sources for illustration and the richest materials for literary adornment; and the execution of designs for this purpose was confided to one who was imbued with a zeal and a love for the undertaking, without which, in all high endeavours, there can be no

Blacksmiths.  
 Gardener Hoeing.  
 Recruiting party.  
 Party playing at Skittles.  
 Soldiers at Cards.  
 Mamma and Child in Garden.  
 Child seen through Netting.  
 Group of Ducks, &c.  
 Sportsman; Child and Labourer in Yard  
 Sportsman and Family in Garden.  
 Labourers at Meals.  
 Gentleman climbing Tree.  
 Father nursing Child.  
 Group round Fish Pond.  
 Labelling Cask.  
 Papa's Pet in Tree.  
 Ladies Conversing.  
 Gentleman in Conservatory.  
 Gardener gossiping with Maid.  
 Soldiers playing at Cards.  
 Coachman talking to Lodge Keeper.  
 Carmen and Housewife.  
 "Any Brooms or Brushes?" &c.  
 Sportsman, Angler, and Friend.  
 Gentleman at Gate talking to the Carpenter.  
 Family Group outside Conservatory.  
 Dustmen and Boys in Yard.  
 Garden Scene.  
 Gentlemen at Kenilworth Gateway.  
 Group of Surveyors.  
 Lady and Children.  
 Porters in Yard.  
 Group of Soldiers.  
 Porters and Boy in Yard.  
 Group around Fish Pond.  
 Mamma and Daughters.  
 Soldiers on Drill.  
 Militia Man and Boy on Ladder.  
 Family at Window and in Garden.

Large Party of Ladies in Garden.  
 Lady and Gentlemen in Garden.  
 Ladies and Children at Door.  
 Man and Labourers clearing away Snow.  
 Labourers loading Truck.  
 Carpenter, Labourers, and Man offering  
 Beer.  
 Playing at Skittles.  
 Men with Truck, and Boy drinking Lemonade.  
 Quaker's Meeting.  
 Man tying Vine.  
 Skull and Spectacles.  
 School Boys in Playground.  
 Piece of Coral (very striking).  
 The Shoe Black.  
 Railway Station—Train just arrived, and  
 passengers all leaving (very striking).  
 Militia Man calls on Mary.  
 Boy listening to them.  
 Militia Man gets indignant and knocks down  
 the Boy.  
 An old Man interferes.  
 Mary makes peace.  
 Departure of the Militia Man.  
 Gentlemen and Boy in Summer-house.  
 Militia Man and Porter at Door. (5)  
 Dog and Kennel.  
 Gardener and Boy.  
 Carpenter, Porter, and Boy.  
 Militia Kneeling.  
 Group of Soldiers.  
 Shakespeare's House.  
 Group of Children in Garden.  
 Fortune-teller.  
 Young Lady with Hoop; Servant, cleaning  
 Window.  
 Ladies and Maid on Door-steps.  
 Ruins of Covent Garden Theatre (6 Plates).

Fresh Subjects are continually being added, and a selection of the most popular ones will be made, if desired, on the number required being stated.

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 Skeleton Flowers.  
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 Boys and Leopard.

Duke of Wellington.  
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 Eve by Bailey.  
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 Greek Slave, by Power.  
 Laocoon from the original statue at Rome.  
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The Stocks.  
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Compton Wingate, West front.  
" " South front.  
Porch in West front.  
The Mill, Guy's Cliff.  
The Avenue " "  
St. Mary's Church.  
The Beauchamp Chapel.  
Lane near the Castle.  
Leicester Hospital and the Old Gate.  
Tachbrook Church.

St. John's School.  
Ashow Church, near Warwick.

Stratford-on-Avon Church.  
The Town Hall, Stratford-on-Avon.  
Old Town Hall Grammar School and Chapel  
of the Holy Cross, Stratford-on-Avon.  
Charlecote House.

" " river front.  
New Church in Charlecote Park.  
Leamington Church.

" " College.  
Hollywalk, near Leamington.  
Lower Parade " "  
Stoneleigh Bridge.  
The Lodge, Stoneleigh Park.  
View in " " "  
Lane near " " "  
Stone Cross in Stoneleigh Churchyard.

See page 12, "Antiquarian Subjects."

Several Views of **CANTERBURY**, including the Cathedral, &c.

### SALISBURY.

West End of Salisbury Cathedral.  
The Cathedral from the north east.  
" " Palace grounds.  
South View " "  
Spire from Window of the Palace.  
Part of the West Front.  
The Chapter House.

The West Door.  
From the Old Mill at Harnham.  
The Poultry Cross, Salisbury.  
High Street " "  
Lake House " "  
Gate of the Close, High Street, Salisbury.  
Old Sarum. " "

### HAMPSHIRE.

Beeches in the New Forest (Two Plates).  
Damerham Church.  
Stile in Damerham Churchyard.

Rufus's Stone, New Forest (Three Plates).  
Various rustic scenes.

### COVENTRY.

St. John's Church Coventry.  
Bablake's School " "

Panorama of Coventry.

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## YORKSHIRE.

The Strid, near Bolton Priory  
 The Wharfe above the Strid.  
 " below " " " "  
 " near the Priory.  
 " above the Wooden Bridge.  
 The Stepping Stones, near Bolton Priory.

Posforth Beck, in Bolton Park.  
 Waterfall at Helmsley.  
 " " "  
 Market Place " "  
 Ripon Minster from the Skell.

See page 12, "Antiquarian Subjects."

## ISLE OF WIGHT.

Quarr Abbey.  
 Egypt, West Cowes.  
 Areton Church.  
 Chale " "  
 Wootton " "  
 Binstead Rectory.  
 Old Grammar School, Newport.  
 Shanklin Church.  
 " Chine.  
 " Dell.  
 St. Helens.  
 Crab Inn.  
 Dairyman's Daughter's Cottage.

Norris Castle, East Cowes.  
 Carisbrook Castle.  
 Mottistone Farm.  
 Shorwell Church.  
 Black Gang Chine.  
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 " Ryde.  
 Steep Hill Castle.  
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Porch of Gate House.	"	Cloisters
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Old Gate, Jewry Street, Warwick.	"	South Door
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Tomb	"	Transept, Bolton Priory.
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Entrance of the Forum at Pompeii.	View of the Forum at Pompeii.
Entrance of the Theatre at Pompeii.	The Three Temples at Pæstum.
View of Vesuvius at Naples.	Temple of Venus at Pompeii.
Temple of Jupiter at Pompeii.	House of Diomedes at Pompeii.
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Arc de Triomphe de Carrousel.	Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile.
Place de la Concorde (very good).	Front view of the Church St. Vincent de Paul.
Apais de Notre Dame de Paris (very good).	New Sacristy of Notre Dame, Paris (very good).
Exterior of the Church of St. Etienne du Mont (very good).	Clock Tower of the Palace of Justice, Paris.
Front view of the Palace of Justice, Paris.	Notre Dame of Paris, View of the Quay des Grands Augustins.
	Perspective view of the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile.
	Fountain of the Place St. Sulpice.

Place du Châtelet.  
 Portal of Notre Dame, Paris (beautiful).  
 Notre Dame, Paris, south side (very good).  
 Front view of the Palais Royal.  
 View of the Quay de l'Hôtel de Ville, Paris (very good).  
 View of the Seine, taken from the Pont Royal (very good).  
 Notre Dame de Paris, and the bridge of the Tournelle.  
 Notre Dame de Paris, north side (good).  
 Perspective view of the new Sacristy of Notre Dame, Paris.  
 Front view of the Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois.  
 View of the Seine, taken from the Pont des Arts.  
 Perspective view of the Quai and of the Palais d'Orsay.  
 Colonne Vendôme.  
 Interior of the Church of St. Etienne du Mont.  
 Tower of Clovis, and Pantheon view of the Polytechnic School.  
 Equestrian Statue of Louis XIV., Place des Victoires.  
 Front view of the Pantheon.  
 Notre Dame and Hôtel Dieu de Paris (very good).  
 Front view of the Hôtel de Ville, Paris (very good).  
 Front view of the Hôtel du Garde Meuble, Paris.  
 View of the Seine, taken from the Fruit Wharf (good).  
 Palace of the Luxembourg, garden frontage.  
 Palace of the Luxembourg, et Tour St. Sulpice.  
 Front view of the Hôtel des Invalides.  
 Equestrian statue of Henry IV. view of the Quai Conti.  
 View of the Pont Neuf, and perspective view of the Louvre (good).  
 View of the Quai de l'Ecole.  
 Palais de Justice of Paris, View of the Quay of the Mégissérie.  
 View of Pont Royal.  
 The Louvre, view of the Platform of the Pont Neuf.  
 Villa du Quai d'Orsay.  
 The Mint, Paris.  
 Perspective view of the Chamber of Deputies.  
 Perspective view of the Seine with Drag Boats (very fine).  
 View of the Cranes on the Wharf d'Orsay.  
 Poil Rouge à Notre Dame de Paris.  
 Perspective view of the Bridges on the Seine (very fine).  
 View of the Petit Pont sur la Seine.  
 Perspective du Port Malaquais.  
 Dôme des Invalides.  
 Gothic Pavillon in the Champs Elysées.  
 Fountain in the Champs Elysées.  
 Café in the Champs Elysées, summer.  
 View of the Seine, taken from the Quai de la Conférence.

Chevaux de Marly.  
 Perspective view of the Church of St. Eustache.  
 Southern frontage of the Church of St. Eustache.  
 Front view of the Church of St. Gervais.  
 Sixteen different panoramic views of Paris.  
 Colonnade of the Louvre.  
 View of the Entrance to the City of Paris.  
 Perspective view of the Hôtel de Ville, Paris.  
 Val de Grâce.  
 View of the Institute, taken from the Quay of the Louvre.  
 Front view of the Legislative Palace.  
 Café in the Champs Elysées, snow scene (very beautiful).  
 Entrance to a Park in the Champs Elysées, snow scene (very good).  
 Eleven Snow Scenes, taken from different views at Trianon (all very beautiful).  
 Three different Landscapes on the Lake of Enghien.  
 Chapel at the Palace of Versailles.  
 Statue of Louis XIV. at the Palace of Versailles.  
 Statue of Hoche at Versailles.  
 Front view of the Palace at Versailles.  
 Group of Lilac Trees in the Garden of the Palace at Versailles.  
 Portal of the Church of St. Ouen at Rouen.  
 Statue of Joan of Arc at Rouen (very fine).  
 Church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, near Rouen.  
 Port of Rouen.  
 General view of Rouen, taken from the Church of Bon Secours.  
 General view of the façade of Notre Dame, of Rouen (very fine).  
 Four Panoramic Views of Rouen (various).  
 View of the Quay of the Island Lacroix at Rouen.  
 Six views of the Ruins of the Abbey of Jumièges, various (very interesting).  
 View of the Seine and the Court-yard of Boyeldieu, Rouen.  
 Porte Guillaume-Lion at Rouen.  
 Portal of Notre Dame, Paris.  
 Entrance to the Place des Halles, Rouen.  
 Place des Halles, Rouen.  
 Old Houses at Rouen.  
 Southern Angle of the Church of St. Ouen at Rouen (beautiful).  
 Perspective view of the Church of St. Ouen at Rouen.  
 Staircase of the Palais de Justice, Rouen.  
 Front view of the Palais de Justice, Rouen.  
 Perspective view of the Palais de Justice, Rouen.  
 Porte des Cordeliers à Leches.  
 Front view of the Cathedral at Tours.  
 Abbey of St. Denis.  
 Porte Dauphine at the Château de Fontainebleau.  
 Southern Porch of the Cathedral at Chartres, (beautiful).

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The ILLUSTRATED SHAKESPEARE embodies the Portraits of the Author's multiplicity and diversity of characters and scenery—traces the unbounded imagination of his mighty genius, and "gives these airy nothings a habitation and a name." The writings of Shakspeare present inexhaustible sources for illustration and the richest materials for literary adornment; and the execution of designs for this purpose was confided to one who was imbued with a zeal and a love for the undertaking, without which, in all high endeavours, there can be no

Portion of the Southern Porch of the Cathedral of Chartres.  
 Pont Guillaume at Chartres.  
 Pont de Massacre at Chartres.  
 Ruins of the Church St. André at Chartres.  
 Castle of Maintenon (very fine).  
 Portal of the Cathedral of Rheims (very fine).  
 Northern side of the Cathedral of Rheims (beautiful).  
 Southern side of the Church of St. Remi at Rheims.  
 Place and Statue of Louis XV. at Rheims.  
 Interior of the Church St. Remi at Rheims.  
 Church of Notre Dame de l'Epine.  
 Southern side of Notre Dame de l'Epine.  
 Southern side of the Cathedral of Strasbourg.  
 Southern Portal of the Cathedral of Strasbourg (very grand).  
 View of the Quay and Custom House at Strasbourg.  
 View of the Island taken from the Custom House Bridge at Strasbourg.  
 View of the Island taken from the Drawbridge at Strasbourg.  
 Panoramic View of Strasbourg.  
 Façade des Chevaliers at the Castle of Heidelberg (very interesting).  
 Porte de la Façade des Chevaliers at the Castle of Heidelberg (very interesting).  
 Clock Tower at the Castle of Heidelberg (very interesting).  
 Galerie Robert at the Castle of Heidelberg (very interesting).  
 Gallery of Antiquities at the Castle of Heidelberg (very interesting).  
 Castle of Heidelberg as seen from the Park Terrace (very interesting).  
 Castle of Heidelberg as seen from the Avenue in the Park (very interesting).  
 General View of the Town of Heidelberg (very interesting).  
 General View of the Castle of Heidelberg (very interesting).  
 The Bridge at Heidelberg (very interesting).  
 Porte de la Salle des Chevaliers at the Castle of Heidelberg (very interesting).  
 Ruins of a Tower at the Castle of Heidelberg (very interesting).  
 Tower of the Sierre at the Castle of Heidelberg (very interesting).  
 General View of Mayence.  
 Place Gutenberg at Mayence.  
 View of Mayence, taken from the opposite Banks of the Rhine.  
 View of Rüdesheim, Borders of the Rhine.  
 Western side of the Castle of Ehrenfels, Borders of the Rhine.  
 Eastern side of the Castle of Ehrenfels, Borders of the Rhine.  
 General View of Bingen, Borders of the Rhine.  
 Castle of Rheinstein, Borders of the Rhine (very beautiful).  
 Castle of Sonneck.

Castle of Falkenberg, Borders of the Rhine.  
 Castle of Fürstemberg, Borders of the Rhine.  
 Rustic Cottage at Bacharach, Borders of the Rhine.  
 Ruins of the Abbey at Bacharach.  
 General View of the Abbey at Bacharach.  
 View of Bacharach from the Vale.  
 View of Bacharach from the Rhine.  
 Castle of Pfalz.  
 View of Caub, from the opposite Banks of the Rhine.  
 Castle of Gutenfels.  
 Castle of Oberwesel.  
 Large Tower of Oberwesel.  
 General view of Oberwesel.  
 Castle of St. Goar.  
 Castle of Stobzenfels, from the Upper Terrace.  
 Castle of Stobzenfels, from the Lower Terrace.  
 General View of Coblenz.  
 Church of Andernach.  
 Two Views of the Archbishop's Palace at Andernach.  
 Ruins at Drachenfels.  
 The Rocks at Drachenfels.  
 Castle of Godesberg.  
 Southern Portal of the Cathedral of Cologne (very beautiful).  
 Front Portal of the Cathedral of Cologne (very good).  
 Apsis of the Cathedral of Cologne.  
 Porch of the Hôtel de Ville at Cologne.  
 View of the Canal at Bruges.  
 View of the Canal Bridge at Bruges.  
 View of the Chapel of St. Sang, Bruges.  
 Dock Yard at Boulogne.  
 The Quay at Boulogne.  
 Grand Rue, Boulogne.  
 Views of the Hills round Boulogne.  
 The Downs at Boulogne.  
 Façade of Westminster Abbey.  
 Guildhall.  
 Marble Arch.  
 The Wellington Arch.  
 Façade of St. Pauls, London.  
 View of the Serpentine.  
 The Panopticon.  
 Charing Cross.  
 The Houses of Parliament from Westminster Bridge.  
 Suspension Bridge, and the Houses of Parliament.  
 The Queen's Entrance to the Houses of Parliament.  
 A portion of the Houses of Parliament.  
 The Houses of Parliament from the Thames.  
 Lambeth Palace.  
 Saint Clement's Church.  
 The Horse Guards.  
 Saint James's Park.  
 Statue of George IV., and Nelson's Column.  
 St. Pauls, from Southwark Bridge (very good).  
 Tower of London (very good).  
 Bas relief at Somerset House.

Statue of Charles I., at Trafalgar Square.  
 Temple Bar.  
 Interior of the Tower of London.  
 Side View of Westminster Abbey.  
 Fore Court of Somerset House.  
 Apsis of Westminster Abbey.  
 Eton College (very good).  
 Exterior of Windsor Castle.  
 Tower of Hercules at Windsor Castle.  
 The Round Tower at Windsor Castle.  
 Façade of Windsor Castle from the Terrace  
 (very beautiful).  
 General View of the Court Yard at Windsor  
 Castle.  
 St. George's Tower, Windsor Castle.  
 Side View of Windsor Church.  
 Façade of Windsor Church.  
 General View of Windsor.  
 Greenwich Park.  
 Observatory at Greenwich (very good).  
 Two Views of Greenwich Hospital (good).  
 View of the Thames at Richmond.  
 Pope's Cottage at Twickenham.  
 Entrance to Hampton Court Palace.  
 Cedar of Libanus at Richmond.  
 Richmond Hill.  
 Ornamental Water at Hampton Court.  
 Vessels at low water at Boulogne.  
 General View of Boulogne.  
 Passengers' Quay at Boulogne.  
 View of St. Rambert, near Lyons.  
 General view of l'Île Barbe.  
 Château of l'Île Barbe.  
 The Centre of l'Île Barbe.  
 Perspective of the Saône at Lyons.  
 The Reserve at Marseilles.  
 View of Avignon.  
 View of Notre Dame de la Garde at Mar-  
 seilles.  
 Port of Toulon.  
 The New Port at Marseilles.  
 General view of Nice.  
 View of the Port at Nice.  
 Church of the Superga, Piedmont.  
 View of the Po at Turin.  
 Saint Charles's Place at Turin.  
 View of the Port of Genoa, No. 1.  
 View of the Port of Genoa, No. 2.  
 Port of Genoa, No. 3.  
 Port of Genoa, No. 4.  
 Ditto No. 5.  
 Ditto No. 6.  
 Palace of Doria and the Roadsteads of Genoa.  
 The Doorway of the Church, Carignano,  
 Genoa.  
 View of the Pier at Genoa.  
 View of the Hills about Genoa, No. 1.  
 The Hills of Genoa, No. 2.  
 General View of Genoa.  
 Carignan Church at Genoa.  
 C'era Palace at Genoa.  
 General View of the Hospital at Genoa.  
 Descent from the Cross in the Church of  
 Saint Charles at Milan.  
 Panorama of Milan, No. 1.  
 Panorama of Milan, No. 2.

Palace of Justice at Milan.  
 Southern Side of the Dome of Milan.  
 Gate of the Ticinese at Milan.  
 Interior of the Hospital at Milan.  
 Façade of the Dome at Milan.  
 Roman Gate at Milan.  
 Statue of Eve on the Dome at Milan, No. 1.  
 A Part of the Dome at Milan.  
 Façade of the Arc de la Paix at Milan.  
 Front of the Church St. Colse at Milan.  
 Side View of the Arch of Peace at Milan.  
 General View of Como, No. 1.  
 General View of Como, No. 2.  
 General View of Como, No. 3.  
 General View of Como, No. 4.  
 View of Como taken from the Promenade.  
 Entrance to the Cathedral of Como (very fine).  
 Negretti's Villa at Como.  
 View of the Borgo Vico on the Lake of Como.  
 Side Entrance of Como Cathedral.  
 Façade of Como Cathedral.  
 Perspective of the Façade of the Dome of  
 Milan.  
 St. Ambroise Church at Milan.  
 Old Palace at Brescia.  
 The Church of St. André-à-Brescia.  
 Panorama of Brescia, No. 1.  
 Panorama of Brescia, No. 2.  
 Panorama of Brescia, No. 3.  
 Hills about Brescia.  
 Entrance to the Monastery at Pavia.  
 Façade of the Monastery at Pavia.  
 The Left Side of the Monastery at Pa via.  
 Right Side of the Monastery of Pavia.  
 Vault of the Monastery of Pavia.  
 Southern side of the Monastery of Pavia.  
 Panorama of Padua, No. 1.  
 Panorama of Padua, No. 2.  
 Panorama of Padua, No. 3.  
 Church of St. Justine at Padua.  
 Antique Fountain at Brescia.  
 Palazzo del Capitano at Padua.  
 Façade of the Church St. Antoine, Padua.  
 Vault of the Cathedral, Padua.  
 La Loggia at Padua.  
 Perspective of North Side of the Palace of  
 Justice, Padua.  
 Perspective of South Side of the Palace of  
 Justice, Padua.  
 View of the Observatory at Padua.  
 Prato della Valle at Padua.  
 Tomb of Antenor at Padua.  
 Statue of Barthelemie Calceoni at Venice.  
 Palace of Lacador at Venice.  
 View of the Grand Canal at Venice, No. 1.  
 View of the Grand Canal, Venice.  
 Bridge of Sighs at Venice, No. 1 (very beau-  
 tiful).  
 Bridge of Sighs at Venice, No. 2.  
 Front View of the Giant's Staircase at Venice  
 (beautiful).  
 Side View of the Giant's Staircase at Venice  
 No. 1 (very beautiful).  
 Giant's Staircase at Venice, No. 2.  
 Façade of the Ducal Palace at Venice.  
 Perspective of the Zecca at Venice.

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 this purpose was confided to one who was imbued with a zeal and a love  
 for the undertaking, without which, in all high endeavours, there can be no

Perspective of St. Mark, and the Ducal Palace.  
 Façade of St. Mark at Venice.  
 Perspective of the Church of Salute at Venice.  
 General View of the Ducal Palace at Venice  
 (very good).  
 View of Venice taken from Canomina Bridge.  
 The Rialto at Venice.  
 View of Venice, taken from the Bridge of  
 the Rialto.  
 Front View of the Church of the Salute,  
 Venice.  
 Ruins of the Palace of Lucrezia Borgia,  
 Venice (very fine).  
 Palace Papadopoli, Venice.  
 The Arsenal Canal at Venice.  
 Perspective of the Ducal Palace, Venice.  
 Entrance to the Church of St. John and St.  
 Paul, Venice.  
 Garden of the Ducal Palace, Venice (very  
 good).  
 Quay of Esclavons at Venice.  
 Column of the Lion at St. Mark's, Venice  
 (beautiful).  
 Perspective of Courtyard of the Ducal Palace  
 at Venice.  
 View of the Razzitta at Venice.  
 Angle of the Ducal Palace, Venice (very fine).  
 General View of Venice, No. 1.  
     Ditto No. 2.  
     Ditto No. 3.  
     Ditto No. 4.  
     Ditto No. 5.  
     Ditto No. 6.  
 View taken from the Fisheries at Venice.  
 View of the Loggia at Venice (very good).  
 Entrance to the Arsenal at Venice.  
 Entrance to the Church of the Civil.  
 Hospital at Venice.  
 Church of St. Saviour, Venice.  
 Entrance to the Church of St. Mark, Venice.  
 View of St. George's Isle at Venice.  
 Palace Comaro Spinelli, Venice.  
 Palace Vendramin, belonging to the Duchess  
 de Berri, at Venice.  
 Palace Grimani, Venice.  
 Palace Barbaro, Venice.  
 Palace Manin, Venice.  
 Interior of the Amphitheatre at Verona.  
 Exterior of the Amphitheatre at Verona.  
 Tomb of Scaligeri, Verona.  
 Place St. Pierre, Mantua.  
 Statue of Ferdinand I, Florence.  
 Dome of Florence.  
 Fountain of the Pitti Palace, Florence.  
 Panorama of Florence, No. 1.  
     Ditto No. 2.  
     Ditto No. 3.  
     Ditto No. 4.  
     Ditto No. 5.  
     Ditto No. 6.  
     Ditto No. 7.  
 The Rape of the Sabines, Florence.  
 The Cloisters of the Church of the Annun-  
 ciation at Florence.  
 View of Florence, taken from the Boboli  
 Gardens.

Group of Hercules killing the Centaur—  
 Florence.  
 General View of the Square of the Grand  
 Duke at Florence.  
 Perspective of the Interior of the Loge at  
 Florence.  
 Perspective of the Fabrique des Offices,  
 Florence.  
 Giant's Fountain at Florence.  
 Neptune's Fountain in the Garden Boboli at  
 Florence.  
 View of Pitti Palace at Florence (very good).  
 Equestrian Statue of Come I.—Florence.  
 Portion of the Loge at Florence.  
 Perspective of the Loge at Florence.  
 Statue of Perseus at Florence.  
 The Leaning Tower of Pisa (beautiful).  
 The Baptistery of Pisa, No. 1.  
 The Baptistery of Pisa, No. 2.  
 Pisa Cathedral (very fine).  
 Interior of Campo Santo, Pisa, No. 1.  
     Ditto No. 2.  
     Ditto No. 3.  
     Ditto No. 4.  
 Abside of Pisa Cathedral.  
 Cathedral of Lucques.  
 Castle and Bridge St. Angelo, at Rome.  
 Temple of Vesta, Rome.  
 Fountain of Trevi at Rome.  
 Fountain de la Place St. Pierre, Rome.  
 Monte Cavallo at Rome.  
 Arch of Janus, Rome.  
 Obelisque of the Place St. Pierre, Rome.  
 Cloisters of the Church of St. Paul, at Rome.  
 Ruins of the Temple of Venus, Rome.  
 Façade of the Capitol, Rome.  
 View of the Tiber, taken from the Port of  
 the Rissa Grande, Rome.  
 View of the Bridge Rocco, Rome.  
 View of the Tiber, taken from the Bank of  
 the Ghetto at Rome.  
 Fort St. Angelo, Rome (very good).  
 Isle of Tiberius, Rome.  
 Obelisque in the Place du Peuple, Rome.  
 Church of St. John de Lateran, at Rome.  
 Temple of Antonius and Faustina, Rome.  
 Fountain de la Place Navona, Rome.  
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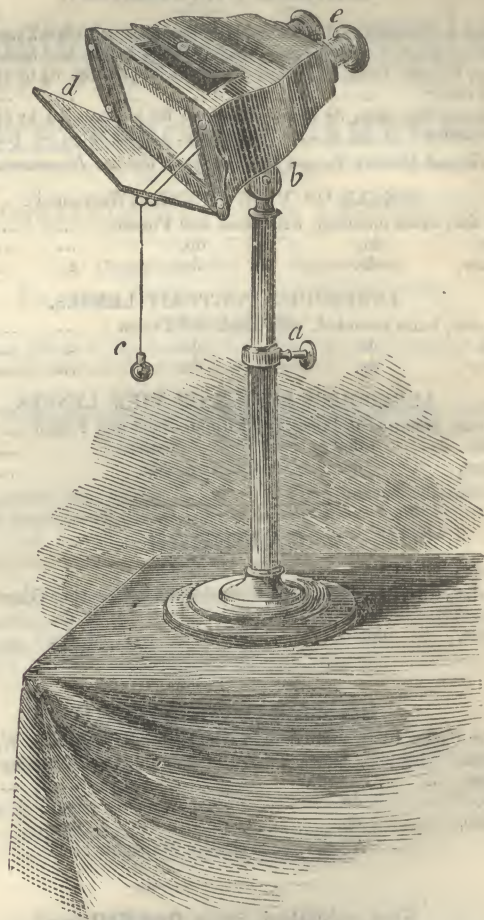
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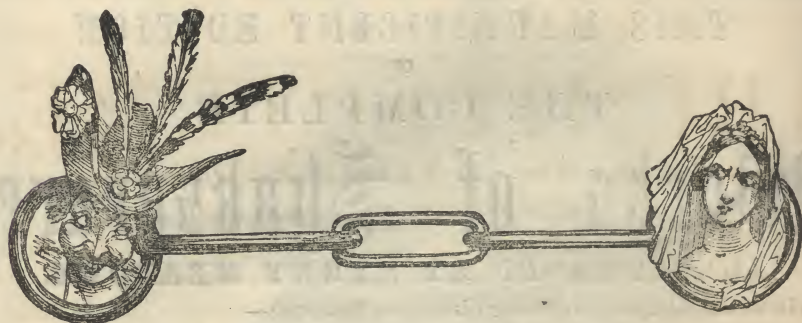
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